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NEWSPAPER

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

" Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife.  
 To all the sensual world proclaim,  
 One crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth an age without a name."

From the front in Belgium and France we hear of sand-storms in the dunes; rain, flood, and wind in the centre; snow upon the Vosges. Clearly the conditions are not favourable for heavy fighting. The British, however, have won a position at La Bassée which has enabled them to advance over half a mile. The position is described as "strategically important"; and it was taken with considerable loss to the enemy. Against this happy success we have to set the retirement of the French at Soissons.

The Germans, concentrating strongly in this part of the line, attacked under the personal supervision of the Kaiser. They appear not only to have won back the ground previously lost, but to have caused a sensible flexion in the Allied line. The French have had to fall back behind the Aisne. It is not possible to determine how far this retirement is due to the German offensive, or how far it is due to the rising of the river. The flooding of the Aisne has destroyed several bridges and imperilled the French communications. Reinforcements could not be brought over with the necessary ease and speed. "This was the prime cause of the falling back of our troops", the French communiqué asserts. The French dispatches admit the "partial success" of the enemy, but deny that it is serious or that it can be strategically pushed to a further advantage.

The telegrams from Russian Headquarters are extremely reserved. The Russian generals are said to desire nothing better than a continuation of the German offensive on the Bzura. The signs of a retirement of the enemy will hardly be accepted as good news. To hack through the present Russian position in this region would probably cost the Germans 1,000,000 men. At one time it looked as though the

attempt would be made; but the evidence now points to a withdrawal and regrouping of the German armies. Meantime we note that the annihilated Turks are now at bay in the Caucasus.

The Turk has broken into neutral Persia with massacre and pillage. For Persia the position is serious. The Russian troops policing the North seem to have been withdrawn. Tabriz, a market on one of the most important trade routes of the world, has fallen first, being undefended and only thirty miles from the frontier. The Kurds, who understand the policy of frightfulness even better than the Germans, have looted, burned, devastated, and murdered without meeting with any serious resistance. Terror of the Kurd is as quick to prompt the defenceless Persians into headlong flight as is terror of the Prussian in the defenceless villages of Belgium. The Persian fugitives are dying of cold and hunger in the snow, thousands having started towards the Caucasus on foot in the dead of winter!

The massacre of helpless refugees would have been worse, had it not been for the heroic way in which the ex-Governor of Tabriz, Shuja-ed-Dowleh, stood fast at Miandoab with his 400 horsemen to cover the flight of the civilian population. Only four of that company survived after fighting for ten hours. Shuja-ed-Dowleh was carried wounded over the frontier. He asserts that he has positive proof that this cruel raid was planned and organised by German agents.

It now seems beyond all doubt that the Turks will attack the Canal at Suez. Colonel Kress von Kessenstein has commanded the resources of Syria, and is preparing to urge the Turks upon the Egyptian frontier. The British and Egyptian armies are ready and alert. The defences are good; and the Turkish advance, as a military enterprise, is difficult.

What can Canadians and Australians and other subjects of virile Greater Britain, over here for the first time now and not posted in all our intricate little insular peculiarities, make of the fact that Mr. Austen

Chamberlain, Lord Selborne, Lord Curzon, and Lord Milner are without "jobs" at the present time? The Greater Briton has heard much of these four men: he knows that three of them have studied Imperial problems "on the spot", have a great administrative capacity, and are at the zenith of their intellectual powers; whilst he has also heard that the fourth has been Chancellor of the Exchequer and is one of the most accomplished statesmen of the time, the man who above all others preserves the great ideals of Joseph Chamberlain. Why are they out of work at this time of all times, the puzzled Canadian or Australian may well wonder. Lord Selborne stands, say, for South Africa, Lord Curzon for India, Lord Milner for Egypt; whilst Mr. Chamberlain has a name to conjure with all over the Empire. Our Canadian or Australian friend must puzzle out the reply to his question: "Why are they not employed in highest authority and office to-day when they ought to be useful if they were ever useful in their lives?" We cannot help him; it is a long and baffling story, and few people here really grasp the sense of it, or if there is any sense in it. All we can tell him is that it has to do with the reds and the blues or the oranges and the blues.

There used to be a story in Oxford in the 'eighties of two 'Varsity men walking along the towing-path of the Upper River, when suddenly they saw a third man drowning. One of the walkers, a fresher who could not swim, said to his companion, who could swim: "Won't you go and save him?" But his companion answered: "Unfortunately I can't. I haven't been introduced." That is comparable to the tradition that forbids, not so much Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Selborne or Lord Curzon to help Ministers—and thereby fortify our country—but forbids Ministers to be helped by these statesmen. The result is not very fortunate, so it occurs to the Canadian and the Australian, for the Empire.

Mr. Harcourt, in a speech this week, spoke truly of the "Splendid Australian Contingent" coming to our aid. That is an accurate description of the Australian force. Every man in that force is subject to the law of obligatory service which Australia, a democratic country, has passed. We should like to know of any country in the world where one "free" soldier is worth three of these "pressed" Australians, but we do not think that Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General, can name such a country in spite of his famous saying. We may well say "Advance Australia" as we say "Advance South Africa". Canada will soon be coming into line with those great countries, though at the moment there are reasons of State why she should move discreetly.

We have gladly acknowledged the services in recruiting which Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., the Labour leader is doing: they are real. But Mr. Henderson has made altogether unworthy attempts in his last two or three speeches to muzzle people who earnestly believe it their duty to put before the country now (and not "after the war") the need of obligatory and national service. In one speech during the last week he declared the principle or proposal to be an "unpatriotic" one—a ridiculous adjective to use in such a connexion—and on Tuesday he marched out against those who dare to differ from him the party truce. Mr. Henderson is good enough—after styling all believers in obligatory and national service "unpatriotic"—to say that under that truce no controversial question is to be touched on. Mr. Henderson evidently regards it as non-controversial to style a man who differs openly from himself "unpatriotic": that is a mistaken or confused point of view in Mr. Henderson.

The whole thing, as far as we can discover, comes to this: Mr. Henderson and his friends can fling charges of unpatriotism whenever they choose at those

who do not see eye to eye with them, and Mr. Henderson and his friends can, after the truce has been entered on, pass Home Rule over the head of Ulster and Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment over the head of the Church. They can break faith when it suits them to break faith, and they can insult those who do not adopt their views with charges of unpatriotism—ridiculous charges, yet, not the less for that, meant to be insulting. If that is Mr. Henderson's notion of a truce and his notion of fair play—and we may add of common sense—well, it is not ours. What is more, it is not the idea of British sense of justice and British honour entertained by working men, country and town bred alike, whom we chance to have known.

As to urging obligatory service at the present time, there is—if we may use a slang saying—"no catch in it" from a selfish or acquisitive point of view. We are quite aware that it is not the "popular" thing to talk about. Those who preach it are sure to be reviled in many quarters as would-be tyrants who want their fighting done for them: rude words, such as Conscriptionists, Slave Drivers, Militarists, Jingoists, Reactionists—we think this is the particular bogey name favoured by Lord Beauchamp, who is preparing to take the field against us by and by—we must be content to receive all these javelins and darts, and some others with more poisoned tips, if we do not obey Mr. Arthur Henderson. It "pays" much better, we may be told, to shun the subject. It is more than likely that it does "pay" to shun the subject; but pay or not pay, we who believe that our Empire and our liberties depend intimately and ultimately on it should not hide that belief.

We are reminded by Queen Alexandra's personal appeal this week that the sending out of the new armies will make a great demand upon the Field Force Fund. The health and recreation of our soldiers is already largely increased by the admirable work of this Fund. It must not be allowed to fall short of money and material.

We are quite aware that the question of trading with the enemy is a most delicate and difficult one, owing largely to certain neutral European countries concerned; but the startling figures produced by the Foreign Office as to copper and cocoa, for example, show how vital to the interests of Great Britain and her Allies is it that this trade should be kept down as far as possible. We read with much satisfaction some frank remarks in the "Daily Chronicle" on the subject which are touched on in the REVIEW this week. The subject was raised some time ago, notably by the "Globe", with true public spirit. We need a great deal more light on this dark matter, and we hope that the "Globe" will renew its correspondence on Trading with the Enemy. That some of these traders are British subjects is generally suspected.

Sir E. Grey's interim answer to the American Note is admirably reasoned. In tone it is friendly; but is also firm. Perhaps its chief interest lies in the figures it gives as to exports from New York. The American case rests upon the assumption that American trade has seriously and needlessly suffered since war broke out owing to the exercise by Great Britain of her rights as a belligerent. The figures quoted by Sir E. Grey do not support this. Comparing November 1913 with November 1914 we find that New York has exported over twelve times as much to Denmark, over seven times as much to Sweden, over four times as much to Norway, more than half as much again to Italy. The exports to Holland alone have fallen off—and these quite inappreciably. These figures do not necessarily dispose of the American case that certain American industries have suffered owing to the war; but they are, at any rate, an indication that there have been compensations.

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The American Note particularly complained of the detention of copper. Here are the figures :

## UNITED STATES TO ITALY.

1913: 15,202,000 lb.; 1914: 36,285,000 lb.

## UNITED STATES TO OTHER EUROPEAN PORTS.

1913: 7,271,000 lb.; 1914: 35,347,000 lb.

"With such figures", Sir E. Grey remarks, "the presumption is very strong that the bulk of the copper consigned to these countries has recently been intended, not for their own use, but for that of a belligerent who cannot import it direct. It is, therefore, an imperative necessity for the safety of this country while it is at war that His Majesty's Government should do all in their power to stop such part of this import of copper as is not genuinely destined for neutral countries." He adds that the British Government has positive evidence that four cargoes of copper and aluminium, nominally consigned to Sweden and detained by Great Britain, were definitely destined for Germany. Sir E. Grey refuses to believe that, in view of this evidence and of the figures quoted, the American Government would "question the propriety of His Majesty's Government taking suspected cargoes to a Prize Court".

We must not attach too much importance to the retirement of Count Berchtold. Officially Count Berchtold was the man who made the war—the Minister who was responsible for the ultimatum to Servia and the appeal to Germany. Ordinarily we should assume from this that the retirement of Count Berchtold signified the unpopularity of Austria's policy of war—signified, indeed, a reaction in Austria against German dominion. But, unfortunately, nothing of this kind can be inferred. The retirement of Count Berchtold cannot be read as the breaking of Austria under defeat and disappointment. We are far yet from schism and the heresy of peace in Austria. Count Berchtold has resigned for personal reasons.

Count Berchtold has never been much more than the spokesman of parties he was not able to control. This is not Count Berchtold's, it is Count Aehrenthal's war. It is true that Count Berchtold contrived the second Balkan war and invited Italy in 1913 to connive and assist at a conquest of Serbia. But he was in the hands of the men whom Count Aehrenthal had trained and inspired. Count Berchtold has frequently begged that he might retire. His name was being associated with a policy for which he had no enthusiasm; and this policy has now proved disastrous for the Emperor, whom alone he cared to serve. His temperament and his ideas of honourable conduct have nothing in common with those of the astute, cynical pupils of Count Aehrenthal, who have consistently worked for an aggressive war. The breach with Russia was effected by German politicians at Vienna and Berlin acting in concert. Count Berchtold, who, as an Hungarian nobleman mainly interested in landed estate, gave up his Austrian nationality when he assumed office, had little sympathy with the German party. His roots were in Hungary, and he did not personally desire to look towards Prussia.

It would be impolitic to comment too freely on the news this week from Rumania. Neutral countries are naturally sensitive regarding any sort of hinting, suggesting, or appealing in the Press of a belligerent nation. But it is not possible wholly to ignore the important telegram which appeared in the "Times" on Wednesday. Rumania will very shortly be ready to move—probably into Transylvania. Meantime we note that Rumania has conferred with Italy, and that Austrians and Germans have been advised by their home authorities to retire from Rome. Perhaps we may also refer to the extreme and notorious importance of the relations at this time between Rumania

and Bulgaria. It will be remembered that Rumania was the straw which broke the back of Bulgaria in the second Balkan war. The signs are that the Bulgarians may, in return for compensation, agree to forget this before many weeks have passed.

Even in the midst of war we are able to be moved with sympathy for the Italian people and Government. The earthquake at Avezzano has destroyed the town and almost annihilated the inhabitants. The figures are terrible, rising in one estimate to 12,000 killed and 25,000 injured. Many fine monuments are ruined—notably the old palace of the Colonna.

There could hardly be a more interesting document at this time than the letter of William Beatty Kingston to Lord Burnham published in the "Daily Telegraph" on Tuesday. Kingston knew Bismarck well; and Bismarck, in September 1867, talked frankly with him for four hours on political and international affairs. The substance, in many lines even the phrases, of this conversation, was sent to Lord Burnham in a private letter, not, of course, intended at that time for publication. Lord Burnham is clearly justified in publishing it now, more particularly as it shows how great a man Bismarck was in qualities not found in the German politicians of to-day—in humour and broad wisdom and humanity. If Bismarck had been alive and in power to-day Europe would not have been now at war.

One passage of the letter we quote entire: "I told our generals this spring, when they endeavoured to prove to me by all sorts of arguments that we must beat the French if we went to war then: 'If you can make it as clear to me as that God be (verbatim, K.) that we can crush France and occupy Paris, I will still do all I can to prevent war; for you must remember, gentlemen, a war between such near neighbours and old enemies as France and Prussia, however it may turn out, is only the first of at least six; and supposing we gained all six, what should we have succeeded in doing? Why, in ruining France, certainly—and most likely ourselves into the bargain.'"

Considering the great part played by Britain and especially by Lord Palmerston in the foundation of the kingdom of Belgium eighty-four years ago, it is interesting, writes a correspondent, to recall what the great Englishman, the protector of the small States, saviour of the independence of Switzerland, champion of Italian independence, said as to the future of Belgium. In the debate on the Russian-Dutch loan on 16 July 1832 Lord Palmerston said: "I will venture to predict that the present independence of Belgium, founded, as it is, upon national feeling, resting upon national interests, supported by the people and by a Sovereign the people have chosen—that Sovereign sanctioned and guaranteed by the European Powers, and by France among the others—I will venture to predict that that will be found an arrangement more stable and more effectual to its purpose than the arrangements made in 1815."

Lord Feversham's great age carried him far beyond his generation. Nearly fifty years ago he left the House of Commons on succeeding to his father's barony, and the following year Disraeli recognised his position as a great landowner by giving him an earldom. Proud of his estate, and strongly attached to it, Lord Feversham was one of those independent and outspoken Tories typical of the 'fifties, yet thoroughly realising and doing his best to carry out all the obligations of a landowner to his tenants and neighbours. His greatest interest, and in his younger days a very active one, was always in his own countryside. The Duncombe Park estate, once the home of the Fairfax family, is among the finest of English sporting properties, and in point of wild Yorkshire scenery unrivalled.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

### MR. WALTER LONG'S GREAT SCHEME.

SOME men seem fated to spend their lives and energies in getting an arrow here and an arrow there into the target. They are earnest archers, they take a great deal of pains in their shooting, they have abundant theories as to how to stand, how to seize the bow and string, how to aim; but for some obscure reason which baffles themselves and their friends, they rarely reach any but an outer ring. Others—the minority—get the centre. Sir Robert Baden-Powell got the centre with his Boy Scouts shot. Nobody who, since this war began, has had any part in watching railway bridges or water works, or who has been engaged in other work to which the Boy Scouts have been called, can question the triumph of that movement. One's only regret has been that the Boy Scouts, through the call of educational work, cannot be more continuously employed for open air work of the kind than they are to-day. We are very much mistaken if Mr. Walter Long's scheme, which was announced by himself in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week, does not prove before long an entirely admirable, an exceedingly useful, counterpart to Sir Robert Baden-Powell's movement. For ourselves, we doubt not for a moment that Mr. Walter Long has struck the centre of the target. His preliminary description of the new movement will be found on pages 37 and 38 of the SATURDAY REVIEW of 9 January, to which we refer any readers not already acquainted with it. Meanwhile, we may here give a few quotations conveying a general idea of the scheme of Cadet Training.

"Our present system handicaps us . . . by giving us recruits who are absolutely untrained even in the very elements of drill. Keen though they are, they have to begin at the very beginning. My desire is to remove this hindrance for the future by the adoption of a system of cadet training. The sooner this is commenced the sooner we shall have ready young fellows who, when they join the Navy or the Army, will have acquired the first principles of drill and discipline. I believe that if they elect to follow ordinary civil avocations, and do not even join the Territorial Forces, they will be better citizens for the training which they will have received as boys, and if another great national emergency were to overtake us they would be far more valuable as recruits for a new Army, having acquired the rudiments of military training before joining the Colours.

"We all of us, so far as I know, teach our boys from their earliest youth upwards to be able to defend themselves; we impress upon them that their honour is in their own keeping, and that if they cannot defend themselves they will be pushed on one side and may become the victims of the first bully who tries to wrong them. In every school there is to be found a bully or two, who, relying upon his own physical strength, often unaccompanied by any intellectual superiority, endeavours to do as he likes and elbow everybody else out of his way, and we all know that he would become the tyrant of the school if it were not for the fact that there are invariably some small boys who have a knowledge of the art of self-defence and are able and willing to stand up to him and put an end to his tyranny.

"If this is right in school life, why should it not be right in national life?

"Is it not galling and humiliating to reflect that if the enemy succeeded in landing a force in some unexpected part of this country they would find thousands of strong, brave, able-bodied men wholly unable, from want, not of will, but of knowledge, to defend themselves, their wives and children, or their possessions, from the cruel lust of the enemy?

"If the nation will wake up and make up its mind that this state of things is to terminate for ever, and decide to act at once, I believe we can make ourselves absolutely safe for the future. It is for the Government of the day to decide how large an army is required and how that army is to be obtained, and it is for the nation to say, when the proposals are put before it, whether it approves of them or not.

"But in regard to self-defence, surely we can take some steps of our own, without waiting for action from above, which would justify the Government in instituting drill in military formations in our schools—and I do not believe that Ministers are opposed in principle; and if we can show that the country approves of the continuation and extension of the training during early youth up to the age of eighteen, the authorities will, I feel sure, be ready to adopt it.

"We should then in a few years have large numbers prepared for service, if required, in a National Army, not for purposes of aggression; not, we should hope, necessarily to fight, but, in the event of invasion, able to protect their country, themselves and those dear to them, and to make the best use of the muscles God has given them, which are useless unless they are trained and accompanied by some military discipline."

Here we see the outlines of a widespread national movement for training up boys of all classes in these islands, boys destined for civil callings not less than for military, to the duty which every man, openly or secretly, acknowledges to be one of the first and most essential to full citizenship and to manhood: namely, to defend his country as he would wish to defend his own person or his own household if they were unjustly attacked.

There is absolutely nothing, so far as we can discover, in the least degree savouring of the policy of a War Lord or of German so-called "Militarism" in this conception. It is law-abiding defence: in no sense whatever is it defiance. It must make, so long as the direction of the movement does not fall into the hands of some Zabern type or Prussian military caste, not for war but expressly for peace. Does the Boy Scout movement—started and directed by a British soldier—make for the war spirit, for aggression, and for military pride and tyranny, in the lads who have been drawn into it? We hardly think even a super-pacifist will say it does; and the training of cadets will no more conduce to war and bloodshed than does the work of the scoutmaster. It would be a nightmare to attribute any such thing to either movement—Sir Robert Baden-Powell's, now an established success, or Mr. Walter Long's, starting to-day under the most promising auspices. One might as reasonably take alarm at the sight of a special constable or of a voluntary watcher on a railway bridge or at a railway culvert, and imagine therefrom the whole nation given over to a reign of physical force and bloodletting.

What will be the response to Mr. Walter Long's appeal to the youth of the country under the military age, and to their parents? It is impossible to doubt that, when once the proposal becomes widely known to the boys and their families, it will meet with a splendid

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response. Only within the last week or two we have heard of boys well under the age for service who are so ready to serve their country to-day, so impatient of all delay, that they would add a year or two to their actual age and enlist, if they can pass muster, as privates in the glorious new armies that are mustering! Of course it cannot be allowed. But he is not much of an Englishman who thinks harshly of a lad for such fine and national fervour as this. We cannot have lads under the fixed age in the Army, but one can view their enthusiasm with approval. We are certain that the youth of England, Scotland and Ireland will spring to this movement of Mr. Long's, and we shall be surprised indeed if parents and schoolmasters of the right quality do not back it. Wherever Mr. Long is known, he is known for an outright, upright Englishman, disinterested, direct, single-minded. Therein we detect just the driving power that is needed to make of the cadet training movement a powerful national success. We look for great things from it.

#### THE STERN DUTY OF OPPOSITION.

In the House of Lords last week Lord Crewe talked strangely of the "suspension of free Parliamentary attack", and went on to suggest that the Opposition had surrendered their right of criticising the Government in return for being admitted to the Government's confidence. Mr. Bonar Law lost no time in correcting this suggestion. The Opposition are scarcely more in the confidence of the Government than the public is. The brilliant speeches of Lord Curzon and Lord Selborne last week will help to remind the Government that the right of criticism and inquiry is claimed in war time as well as in peace. It would be quite fatal to the Parliamentary system if this right were for a moment in question. It would reduce our political system to absurdity if the duty and function of an Opposition automatically ceased whenever the Government of the day was called on to grapple with a big and critical problem. In time of war, as in time of peace, it is the duty of the Opposition to watch constantly and jealously the men to whom the task is given of employing to the best of their ability the resources and wisdom of the country. In time of war this task mainly resolves itself into finding the right men for the work in hand, and in securing that they shall have all the support they require in material and in authority. These men we undoubtedly have in Sir John French, Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, and Lord Fisher. The Opposition has here no case for criticism. The country has the right men, appointed without prejudice or favour for high qualities of brain and will. The duty of the Opposition at this time is to insist that these men shall be trusted with full authority—that no person or group or party shall from political or other motives at any time be allowed to interfere with them, check or embarrass them, or deny them the fullest support. If the Opposition had any reason to suspect that the Government was failing in its duty to the men it has chosen to carry on the war it would clearly be the duty of the Opposition to do its utmost to convict the Government of this offence. We greatly hope the Government will not fail in this respect. We are supposing an extreme case—a case in which the advantage of presenting a united political front to the enemy obviously would not compensate the country for acquiescence in the hampering of its defenders.

The extreme case proves the rule, and the rule is that the Opposition's duties do not automatically determine when war is declared; that they become, if anything, more necessary. The Opposition must consider itself as deputed to guard against any wasting of the nation's manhood or treasure. Should the Opposition become aware of, or should it reasonably

suspect, incompetence or bad faith in any responsible Minister or in any political group, it is its duty to speak out and call the accused to a strict account. Such action has nothing to do with party politics. It is not a question of party politics whether Germany shall continue to be fed from British ports, or whether Lord Kitchener shall have as many men as he requires for his armies, or whether Lord Fisher shall have an absolutely free hand at the Admiralty. These are questions of national security, literally life-and-death questions. The Opposition cannot surrender its right of criticism and thorough inquiry into such matters as these without grossly failing in its duty to the country.

Government speakers and the Government Press have not always seemed to understand the part and place of the Unionist Party at this time. They sometimes appear to think that absolute silence should be imposed on an Opposition in time of war—surely a strange mistake on the part of a Government which was in Opposition during the South African campaign!

This is entirely to mistake the whole position. An Opposition in war time must not be factious, but it must be watchful, critical. The Government has certainly had nothing to complain of in the attitude of its critics during the last months. No Government has ever had more devoted and loyal support from its opponents. The Unionist Party, since August last, has behaved throughout as a national party. There has been no factious. Party issues of the first importance have, so far as the Opposition were concerned, been allowed to go uncontested in order that the whole country might have its attention and its energy focussed upon the war. Clearly the Government has no right to be querulous or to suspect its critics of selfish motives. The Opposition is bound to reserve to itself the right to question the Government, to watch closely and perpetually its political conduct of the war, to express any misgiving or disagreement it may feel frankly and distinctly.

Criticism, then, which is not interested and not factious is a solemn duty of those who are qualified to utter it. No better instances could be given than the interrogative and critical speeches last week in the House of Lords by Lord Curzon and Lord Selborne. Criticism which is absolutely direct and sincere, however candid and disagreeable it may be, cannot do the Government or the country as much mischief as a mere perfunctory acquiescence would do. Acquiescence inevitably breeds complacency, carelessness, and confusion. It is both healthier and safer for the Government to have its private conscience reinforced by impartial witnesses. It is even well to have in the opposite camp a critic who questions everything and puts the case against one at a maximum. Such at this time is the function of Mr. Leo Maxse in regard to the Government. In the pages of the "National Review", for example, the members and friends of the party in power have the great advantage once a month of being able to see what sort of character they bear in the eyes of an unsympathetic observer who speaks his mind honestly and directly—an observer, too, who has in essential things often hit the mark rather more successfully than his opponents. Mr. Maxse honestly believes that the record of many of our political leaders in the years before the war could not be worse, and he is unable to grant without evidence that the men he believed to be always wrong in 1912 and 1913 must necessarily be always right in 1914 and 1915. He keeps to the full his liberty of criticism. He does not allow our Ministers to forget, even in time of war, that they have seriously erred. Mr. Maxse proposes, indeed, that the British public should be reminded upon every day of the year that their leaders of to-day have a past to redeem. He has published a diary\* of sayings—one for each day of the year; an anthology of political error.

\* "The Potsdam Diary, 1915." Published at the "National Review" office.

Mr. Maxse is an enthusiast. His criticism of the "Potsdam" party goes—at times—farther than we should care to take it, but it is clearly well that we should have a critic like Mr. Maxse to put drastically and at its extreme the case against all those who have attempted in any way to weaken the British Navy or wilfully to deceive the British public as to Germany's intentions in the years 1912-1914. The case against these men cannot be too strongly put. The public must be warned against the time when these politicians will return and again offer their insane counsel to the country. Mr. Maxse here goes no farther than any outspoken patriot is ready to go at any time. But we feel a distinction should be drawn between those who wilfully blinded themselves and urged disarmament upon the country and those who have merely believed in Germany or uttered friendly words concerning Germany in the past. Otherwise criticism has no visible bounds. Mr. Bonar Law, for example, together with Mr. Balfour, is in the "Potsdam Diary" side by side with Sir John Brunner and Mr. Keir Hardie! This merely puzzles the reader and weakens Mr. Maxse's case.

The sincere and vigorous critic has always to guard against the mistake of proving too much. Thus you may know a man to be mistaken, and believe him to have disingenuously deceived himself. If in your zeal to prove this to the hilt you overstate your conviction, you will possibly lose a case you might easily have won. The reader who is quite ready to believe that the defendant is in the wrong will hesitate to charge him with flat disloyalty. He may know that the defendant is not so bad as you say he is, and, recoiling from your inferences, he may even come to doubt the portion of the indictment which is true. The "Potsdam Diary" and, occasionally, the "National Review", when they err, err by proving too much. The reader sees the whole political world crumbling about him. Public life begins to have the air of being a gigantic political conspiracy. Reputations fall headlong till one wonders if anyone at all can be really safe.

Nevertheless we are grateful to Mr. Maxse for much that is necessary and true and bravely urged. There has of late been a good deal in our politics for which the scourge of the pamphleteer was needed, nor is there any reason why the critic should be silent now. The need for counsel and question of every sort and degree is greater than ever to-day. We only require that it should be sincerely and patriotically inspired. It will certainly do no harm to any of the public men who have made mistakes to be reminded that they are liable to error; whereas it would certainly not do for some of these men—the jaunty, the disaffected, and impudent among them—to be allowed to forget it. On the main point Mr. Maxse is at one with most patriotic men of the country to-day. We are resolved to support the Government in the letter and spirit of Mr. Bonar Law's undertaking. But this does not imply that the liberty of criticism and inquiry has been surrendered. Nor does it imply that we shall not continue to warn the public against those who have deceived it in the past, and will, if they are permitted, deceive the public again.

#### NEUTRALS AND CONTRABAND.

**SIR EDWARD GREY'S** preliminary answer to the American Note is a frank and friendly discussion of the delicate question with which the United States and British Governments are faced, and as such it has been received by practically the whole of the American Press. It is an effort to accommodate the difficulties arising out of the legitimate activity of the British Fleet in preventing supplies reaching the enemy, and so prolonging the war, and the legitimate anxiety of the United States to secure its own extensive commercial interests on the Continent. Treated as the problem has been by the Governments and Press of both countries we are confident that it will be solved.

It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that neutrals should

suffer in a quarrel not their own, but in modern war the neutral may lose commercially almost as much as the participant. America, no doubt, has been prepared for this, since Sir Edward Grey in his great speech of 3 August last, which was printed at length in every American newspaper, stated that:

"We are going to suffer, I am afraid, terribly in this war, whether we are in it or whether we stand aside. *Foreign trade is going to stop, not because trade routes are closed, but because there is no trade at the other end.* Continental nations engaged in war—all their populations, all their energies, all their wealth, engaged in a desperate struggle—cannot carry on the trade with us that they are carrying on in times of peace, whether we are parties to the war or whether we are not. The amount of harm that can be done by an enemy ship to our trade is infinitesimal, compared with the amount of harm that must be done by the economic condition that is caused on the Continent."

Those words apply to the neutral United States as much as to belligerent England, and they explain why America has naturally listened eagerly to the "peace talk" which interested agents have started from time to time in the American Press. The normal trade of the United States has, in fact, suffered very considerably as the result of the war, but that is not due to the action of any one of the belligerents since the war began, but to the original action of Germany in declaring war against Russia on behalf of Austria at the very moment when Austria was preparing to settle her differences with Russia, and so provoking a general European conflict. The average business man in the United States does, we think, recognise that fact, and pockets his loss with what philosophy he may; it has been the practical consideration which has decided sympathy for the Allies, as the violation of Belgium has been, and remains, the moral consideration.

At the same time such of the normal trade of the United States as remains with the belligerents and European neutrals, carried on under certain difficulties in any event, has inevitably been hampered somewhat further by the necessity under which the British Navy is placed of controlling the great trade which has grown up since August last in contraband of war and conditional contraband. The figures which Sir Edward Grey quotes, in his answer to President Wilson, as to the exports from New York to neutral countries, are very significant. In the month of November alone the exports to Denmark rose from 558,000 dollars in 1913 to 7,101,000 in 1914; to Sweden they rose from 377,000 dollars to 2,858,000; to Norway from 477,000 dollars to 2,318,000; to Italy from 2,971,000 dollars to 4,781,000; to Holland they fell slightly, from 4,389,000 dollars to 3,960,000. Although these figures are not put forward as conclusive, they do in fact show that while American trade has suffered heavily in certain respects through the war, it has gained, and is still gaining considerably in others. Traffic with Germany and Austria is being carried on through neutral countries instead of directly with Hamburg and Bremen and Trieste. So far as that traffic is not in contraband or conditional contraband, we have no legitimate title to object; and President Wilson has, of course, admitted that the contraband trader must look after himself. He makes a high profit out of the necessities of Germany, and he takes the risks of capture on the high seas. If his consignments are seized he has no remedy from Washington, and, indeed, he has already excited the anger of the American Government by shipping contraband under false manifests, which necessarily leads to a close search of merchant vessels and consequent delay, since the great ships of to-day can only be examined in port and not on the high seas. As a fact, the contraband trader has usually secured himself against loss by insisting on cash before shipment, and the safe arrival or seizure of his cargo is, therefore, not a matter which concerns him greatly, save in so far

as his sympathies are with Germany or the continual seizure of contraband makes dealing unprofitable from the German Government's point of view. The latter problem has not yet arisen, since the German Government is so anxious to obtain the material for munitions of war that it has shown itself ready to pay a steadily increasing price for copper; and it is not likely to arise until Germany is near the end of her resources.

We have considered the question thus far mainly from the standpoint of the neutral. It is important for us as one of the belligerents to get the point of view of the country which suffers in a quarrel not its own, and Sir Edward Grey's language, both in the speech we have quoted and in his reply to the American Note, shows that he does appreciate the neutral point of view—which is, indeed, not very difficult to a member of a Cabinet which approved the Declaration of Paris on the assumption that Britain would be neutral in a coming war. But while we appreciate the neutrals' difficulty we have a right to ask that they shall in turn appreciate ours; and so far there has been, we think, a very genuine attempt on the part of most of the neutral countries concerned to do so. Officially their attitude has been correct and their Press ready to present both sides of the case, with perhaps a natural bias in favour of the Allies on account of the war which Germany began violating a neutral country—an asset of no inconsiderable value to ourselves. But there has been, and there continues to be, a trade in contraband, conditional contraband, and foodstuffs destined for Germany through neutral territories, which, with every respect for the rights of neutrals, we owe it to ourselves and our Allies to stop. That is what we may call the passive work of the British Navy, as the destruction of the German Fleet will one day be its active work.

The "Daily Chronicle", which is inclined to take the view that we have not been firm enough on this question of contraband—for ourselves, we believe that lack of consistency has been more our real failing than lack of firmness—suggests that coffee, the staple drink of Germany, should be added to the list, and, while approving the prohibition of the export of cocoa, hints that this is locking the stable-door after the horse has bolted, Germany having provisioned herself with cocoa for a year ahead. We confess we do not understand why cocoa was not placed on the list of prohibited exports at the start; but now that the mischief is done a more important point of practical importance is raised by the "Daily Chronicle", which declares that German traders are taking advantage of the British cable system to trade with neutral countries. If we are thus making a present to our enemy of our cables at a time when the only available mail routes are slow, indirect, and uncertain, we agree that we are giving him incalculable assistance. "Commonsense suggests that trading with the enemy and enabling him to trade with others are operations not easily distinguishable either in principle or practical effect", says the "Chronicle", which obviously has certain information in its possession on which the Government should not delay action; it is quite useless to expect the Navy to do its work properly if the cables are being used to facilitate the enemy's trade. The "Chronicle" advocates a cable blockade—a drastic measure for which there is precedent in the action of the United States in 1898 during the war with Spain; this would, at any rate, ensure that Germany was deprived of one outlet from the economic stranglehold which it is our business to force upon her. The "Daily Chronicle" has done a patriotic service in bringing this question to the front.

For the rest, we may rely on the Government to maintain friendly terms with the neutral nations, despite difficult circumstances which may cause complaint if not diplomatic friction from time to time. In the long run it will be to the neutrals' interest, as it is ours, for Germany to be reduced as soon as possible, so that peace may be restored and something like a return to normal conditions.

#### THE GERMAN RHINOCEROS.

**O**F all the blockhead misjudgments common to Germans to-day—misjudgments almost incredibly stupid or "dummel" in a people educated quite up to the average—that about Sir E. Grey appears the most obstinate. It is the more singular that it should obtain largely even among those individuals who might through their public work be expected to know something of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs here. Take Herr Dernburg, for example, who is so busy for Germany in the United States. Might he not have been expected to form an idea as to the true policy and character of Sir Edward Grey? Should not the German Ambassador lately here, Prince Lichnowsky, have been able to post him somewhat in the matter? If Herr Dernburg could listen for a few minutes to Mr. Roosevelt on the subject, he could hardly fail to see that he has ludicrously misjudged his man. But here he goes blundering along, roaring out the usual mass of crude blunders about the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, this time in the January number of one of the American magazines.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—given a nodding acquaintance with British politics and a glimmering of light on the character of British politicians—would be as easy to criticise, we suppose, as most men. No politician is, or ought to be, removed from criticism; and by all means let it be severe when he is a leading politician of a country the critic is at war with. But the enemy should surely try to discover the chinks in the armour of his opponent, and thrust at those, instead of roaring and butting clumsily against solid breastplate or casque. However, that is not, it seems, the German idea. His plan is to "go for" his opponent in a great lumbering rush. He wants to achieve his ends—even when it comes to character study, held by most to be the most delicate and deliberate of all studies—by shock, by weight, by a kind of *Front de Bœuf* method. We suppose it may all be part of the Strauss or Bernhardi method, or the mailed fist seen from another side.

Apparently to one German and to all Germans Sir Edward Grey is seen in much the same shape. He appears as a Philistine of Philistines: no culture, no refinement, no true education! But that is only half the count. He is, to the bloodshot German eye, nothing if not a greedy, an acquisitive man, who all through has been brooding, scheming over the sack of the Fatherland. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George are lost sight of in Sir E. Grey; the first is even admitted to have some education; the other two are "hotheads". But Grey, ah, what hymns of hate all good Germans chant in their hearts against that terrible schemer! Ah, wicked, coarse Grey, how every German must be brought up to loathe thee above all!

Possibly we in this country have not got some of the German *dramatis personæ* quite right—it is highly probable indeed. It is possible—distinctly—that we sometimes see the Kaiser, for example, double. Such little errors are unavoidable in war, and it is perhaps wholesome, on the whole, they should be. But this distorted, grotesque view of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should have been so simple to avoid. He might surely have been well hated, patriotically hated, and yet not quite ludicrously misrepresented. He is not, like Shelburne, a suppressed character of politics. He is not a mysterious character. Everybody here who has any intelligent perception as to leading public men knows well enough that he is essentially a man of refinement: the writer of this may be allowed perhaps to say that Sir Edward Grey is the most refined man he has ever known in public life. Then who at this time of day does not know, in this country and in diplomatic society abroad, that peace has been his passion throughout? It is impossible, moreover, to imagine a Minister more severely removed from the spirit of acquisition than is this bogey man of the grotesque German imagination. One can recall only one misjudgment of character and aim as singular—and as

ridiculous—as this German one : namely, the Germans' idea years ago that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman wished their country to disarm that he might overthrow them in war—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the secret jingo, the war lord ! But there is no educating the German to-day in the a b c of such a thing as character observation. One might as well try to educate a charging rhinoceros. There is a famous character in one of Sullivan's operas who describes herself, if we remember rightly, as "not handsome, but massive". If we substitute such a word as discriminating for handsome here it will serve perhaps to give a rough and not ill-natured idea of the typical German understanding at work just now.

We would not dispute the weight of various German things to-day, including the German understanding. It is nothing if not massy, like the charging, snorting, irate rhinoceros. Such quality is by no means to be despised. Rightly employed, it may prove most serviceable; and we believe that, after the war machine has been broken up and the Germans brought to sobriety, the massiveness so typical of them in various ways will be harnessed to the car of civilisation and do good, toiling, arduous work once more. But Germans have not in them to-day the least spark, apparently, of that strength which resides in delicacy, the spark that can be as precious as radium; hence they should carefully leave alone all such studies as character observation and literary judgment. These matters need the finer perception : it is idle lumbering and crashing in at them with sheer ponderousness.

### THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 24) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

**W**E are privileged to be told to what extent the organisation of our Expeditionary Force has been enlarged for the purposes of the gigantic struggle which is before us. Six field armies in the hands of young generals is the quota at present decided upon ; and the number of Army Corps allotted to each army is said to be three. Our War Office is probably still debating the question of the composition of an Army Corps, whether to be of two or three divisions ; and further, of what quality will be the nature of those several divisions, whether some are to consist of all first line or Regular units of the Army or others of Territorial units, or others of New Army units or colonial contingents, or a combination of the various types which in our haste to raise an army during a time of war we have been driven to attempt. A lesson learnt during the war in the matter of organisation will assuredly point to the necessity of having special technical troops as divisional troops for each Army Division, such as pioneers, airmen, heavy artillery, railway corps, bridging battalions, canal watermen, etc. It is almost beyond hope to expect that the six armies will be of equal value, as we know full well that the terms of the enlistment of the men composing the bulk of these armies has been varied to suit the voluntary system, and thus caused a variable physical standard ; and further, the conditions of unpreparedness of the nation to meet the strain of war upon an abnormal scale has imposed fetters upon the training of the individuals who have come forward to fill the ranks. We have done some wholesome weeding out of the physically unfit, a great economy ; and as far as the numbers of those at home that stand behind the units that are now in the field, we have undoubtedly a splendid body of young men undergoing a war preparation. The recent debates in the House of Lords have failed to elicit the total numbers that stand in our ranks for all the purposes of present requirements, nor are we told what are the future requirements for sustaining the war ; but the Lord Chancellor's learned exposition and confession as to the duty of the citizen in an emergency similar to that in which we now stand should dispel all reasonable doubt as to the acceptance by the Government of the responsibility of imposing upon the manhood of the nation, should necessity arise, the burden of

the task which is vital to our existence as an Empire. "The life of a citizen belongs to his country", as Napoleon tersely expressed it. Lord Haldane's clear statement has undoubtedly heartened our Allies, and at the same time has opened the eyes of our opponents, but confidence in the sincerity of our words would be fortified if the nation and the world at large knew that a scheme for the organisation of our entire man-power was being matured. We also, as well as Germany now, mean a fight to a finish. We have to see Germany on her knees wiping out the bloodstains from Belgian soil. It is possible that for complete success to our arms we may have to raise double the amount of men that we have hitherto mustered. It would certainly be on the safe side to create an organisation that could anticipate such an increase, and the task of creation may at first appear insurmountable. The factor of officers for the cadres presents itself as the most formidable ; but the existence of the splendid body of units composed of public school men should, if judiciously encouraged and handled and coached, form a nucleus for our purpose. To send these corps to war as fighting units is somewhat like killing the golden goose. These and similar officers' corps should be formed wherever possible to enable us to have a never-failing supply of leaders who have gone through the training mill shoulder to shoulder in the ranks. If there be one thing in this war for which we should be thankful to our War Army Chief, it is the introduction of the four-company system as the organisation of our infantry battalions. After many years of opposition, Sir John French, when he reached the position of Chief of the General Staff, was enabled to carry his point ; and the proof of the success of the system has been evinced in the large number of commissions from the ranks which have been bestowed upon the sub-leaders of platoons and half-companies, troops and sections. The organisation which confers facilities upon the individual of commanding men in numbers and of offering the opportunity of showing capacity as a commander which war affords is an organisation which breeds leaders. When platoons are led into the fire fight by corporals and companies by sergeants, these non-commissioned officers not infrequently come out of the action as officers, and they are worthy of the honour. This double-company system has given us from the ranks non-commissioned officers who, when they have perforce to step into the shoes of their fallen platoon leaders, have found themselves commanding some seventy men or so, the size of one of the old company formations, quite a new opportunity for experience.

In creating further new formations either as reserves or dépôts for the armies we purport to place in the field, we can fashion these "caste" units of public-school men into officers with the aid and experience of the many war-worn officers and N.C.O.'s whom bullets or disease have temporarily disabled from more active employment. Our purpose in this war, the purpose of the Allies, is a treble purpose. We have to destroy the enemy's field armies. We have to reconquer provinces. We have to impose peace. As an island Power not invulnerable to attack we ourselves have imposed upon us a fourth duty which will not concern our Allies, but which will demand an organisation determined for the special purpose of home defence. Pressure, and active pressure, upon the field armies of the enemy should deny the foe means of furnishing adequate numbers for effective use against our shores ; but we must never forget that exasperation and the battle-want of their fleet may drive our opponents to lose their heads and try to batter our shores with the empty skulls. The organisation and composition of our armies affect materially the question of the probability of success. We may be sure that the Allied commanders in the West have prepared a scheme which will apportion to each nation a task in proportion to the numbers and quality of the forces at its disposal. When ready to move in combination and in our specially allotted theatre, we have a splendid example already given us in this war as to the organisation which should promise the best results. Marshal von Hindenburg's irresis-

able dash over the frontier of Germany almost to within sight of Warsaw could never have been undertaken with any but first line troops. Granted that the sledge-hammer blows of his five or six chosen army corps did not meet with the full measure of the success he anticipated, yet he achieved a great purpose. He has hurled back his enemy some 70 or 80 miles, and keeps him pinned down well away from the confines of the German Fatherland. We have to decide whether we are to use similar means to achieve our purpose: whether we intend to follow up the first blow with a succession of others, or whether we mean to content ourselves with a victory to shake the enemy's morale, convince him of our superiority, and to instil into him a feeling of apprehension about the future, let us have already prepared such measures as our leaders are convinced will direct us by the shortest road to peace. The shortest road is by no means invariably a measure of time. Time is on our side if we make good use of it and prepare such means as will ensure that, once our armies are in a condition to start on their journey, there must be no halting for sustenance in numbers by the way. The armies allotted for siege purposes must be equally well found and prepared for their object as are the field battle armies. The garrisons of reconquered provinces, and we may hope of freshly conquered provinces, must not be taken from armies destined for field operations, and at the moment of peace let us unquestionably have a million British bayonets behind the olive branch of our very own plenipotentiary. Looking around the world, we have perhaps more at stake than any of the Allies in this war, which was certainly not one of our own seeking. Looking behind us, we have still six million men upon whom to draw to support with arms in their hands the nation's voice in the ultimate councils which must prevail for peace. Is it not time that considerations as to the best method of employing this strength were formulated? We have the task of the century before us. Let us accept the advice of the great Scharnhorst: "In war it matters not so much what is done as that what is done is done with unity and strength". When will the representatives of the people pluck up courage enough to tell them the truth of this doctrine? The fear of the enemy in front is apparently nothing to be compared to the terror of the Liberal M.P. in his "funk hole" behind his constituents. He is too often the slave of the interested folly that we are going to bring this gigantic struggle to a successful issue by the voluntary effort at filling our ranks.

The vicissitudes of service of a soldier's life in a world army remind one that as our arms progress in the theatre of war allotted to them a duty of a non-military nature devolves upon our countrymen—viz., the repatriation of a people in a famine-stricken area. We have officers skilled in this task, but during war operations not too many to spare; but we have multitudes of men with vast experience of such duty upon whom to draw in an incomparable body of Indian Civil Servants. As our lines of communications should eventually traverse this area, it would be unwise not to anticipate by organisation ready to hand various corps of bridge builders, dyke makers, railway staffs, etc., recruited from refugees who will facilitate the progress of our armies and further the return of the stricken population in a country which we shall assuredly find absolutely devastated. Material for such purpose as bridge and rail construction should undoubtedly be already in the making, if not already completed, for certainly not one factory, forge, or smithy will be left in the country by the departing Huns. Our armies will be confronted with a march through a roadless desert fen-land, and not a church bell will be left to ring a peal in honour of Belgium's deliverers.

#### THE WESTERN THEATRE.

The loss of the "Formidable", well in the west of the Channel way, may, if the surmise be correct that she was the victim of a torpedo, suggest that military operations to regain the coast line of Belgium and root out sundry hornets' nests would be acceptable to our Naval Board. Meanwhile, we must await with

patience the hour when the Allied Commander decides that his arrangements are completed and his forces in condition to convert the trench tactics that we have watched for so many weeks into a more pronounced offensive. There is a method in these minor tactics hitherto employed which, though only of local interest to the immediate combatants concerned, affects in a great measure the general purpose of the next move. The lines of the German defence, especially those that lie in French territory, have been traced in direction and maintained in force in order to secure for the defence a splendid system of lateral communication. On a minor scale the student who cares to make himself conversant with the Argonne district, from which there is a daily bulletin, will find that a lateral road from west to east that traverses this dense forest is the bone of contention between the opposing forces. Travellers who entrain at Calais or Boulogne for the south-east, either proceeding to Strasburg or Basle, and wish to avoid Paris, will recall the railway system as it traverses the many large towns now in German hands, but which run in rear and in some places parallel to their trench lines. Such facilities for lateral communication, added to waterways and canals, have entered into the strategic plan of the German defence and form a tactical objective for the commanders of such of the Allied Armies as are facing these defences. The canal system connecting the Rivers Oise and Aisne is a point in example which has at length been wrested almost entirely from German hands. In a war of fixed defences, a degenerate system imposed by the conditions of readiness upon one side and unpreparedness upon the other, the value of good lateral communications is obvious. Independent of facilitating the distribution of supply to the front lines both in food, clothing, and material for shelter and munitions of war, it economises life, for, by offering facilities for speedy transfer of supports and reserves to threatened points, men are thereby saved from constant exposure and the strain which imposes war weariness upon combatants. Officers that have returned from the trenches are loud in the praises of the German system of relief of men in their work and the facility afforded for the purpose by good lateral communications. It is the business of the Allied generals to see that the enemy in their front is denied any such advantages, and the sum of the deprivations thus inflicted reacts upon the system of strategic defence assumed by the Allied Commander. Since the 9th September, when the German retreat carried them over the River Aisne, and the right of their line was subsequently prolonged north to the sea, they have elected to stand on ground apparently chosen for the facilities offered for exceptional lateral communication. Before a forward move is decided upon this advantage in favour of the enemy should be wrested from them if possible and transferred to the Allies to further the purposes of concentration at the point or points elected for the onward thrust. We may still have to exercise much patience, but we may watch with interest the progress of these seemingly minor duels.

#### THE EASTERN THEATRE.

No better exposition of the military value of lateral communications in war could be afforded than that presented by the inability of the Grand Duke Nicholas to mass superior numbers to forestall Marshal von Hindenburg in his recent bold adventure for the capture of the advanced base of the Russian armies at Warsaw. With a numerical superiority of something like a million men holding the battle line in Poland the want of means of lateral transit allowed the initiative to pass from Russian to German hands and gave the latter the opportunity the commander sought to attempt to strike his adversary at his vitals. We know that von Hindenburg has failed, but he has not failed ignominiously, for his counter offensive has saved Silesia from the invader's foot for some time and has afforded Cracow a breathing time for recuperation. Both sides appear now to be set down

for a time to the trench warfare we have known so well in the western area. The line of the Bzura and the Rawka, and thence south to Opoczna and to the rivers Nida and the Dunajetz, both tributaries of the Upper Vistula, but flowing, the former to the south, the latter to the north—this line roughly delineates the line of barricades facing each other east and west in Poland. Striking off to the east from the river Dunajetz and running along the foothills of the Carpathians, more armies of the Czar are making a progress that ere long must affect the line of trenches in Poland. Pushed now as far south as the Bukovina, the Russian arms, if they can secure a military triumph in this region, may provoke a neutral State to join forces with a victor. German lies can no longer blind the populations of States with false stories of triumphs when the people can see for themselves which way the scales in the balance of war are trending. The splendid victories of Serbia in the past month should have sufficed for such a purpose. Not by any means, however, has Serbia done with her enemy across the Danube. Ere the Spring is past she will be able to gather to her standards a new levy from the provinces she won by combat two years ago. Given but arms and money, we may look forward to seeing a full 200,000 fresh youths serving under well-tried leaders who are pledged to revenge the taunt thrown to their king and nation by the wicked plotters of this aimless and purposeless war.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### TREE MUSIC.

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is."

WHEN Burns wrote rather than sang "You break my heart, ye bonny birds", we know he was thinking of a clear summer day, when all the winds are still and the silence accentuated by the harsh, discordant chattering of the birds amongst the leaves becomes an ache; the mind, oppressed by the outer stagnation and lifelessness, becomes numbed and cramped, able only to ache; and when it awakes and remembers the ache, the poet immediately imagines it had something to ache for, and commits a song or a sonnet about his past life. Nature, like man, without breath seems a dead thing. When evening comes the birds are dumb and the insects awake, and forest and field are filled with strange mysterious sounds, and in the rich darkness we feel that Nature is calmly, steadily at work. But the hours of bald daylight, or even of sweet sunshine, are unendurable without motion in the air—unless, indeed, you sit with a running river or babbling brook at your feet to keep your heart and fancy alert. To feel the full grandeur and glory of Nature we want more than calm weather—trees and water, and riot in the heavens as well. When the storm rages most wildly and torn clouds chase across the sky, and thunder peals and lightning dazes, then and then only is the full strength and magnificence of the earth to be felt; then only does Nature find her voice in tree and shrub. In every great forest—nay, in every little copse and shrubbery, in each solitary pine and poplar—what a miraculous organ she finds to play upon! The most gorgeous music man has drawn from wood or metal tubes and from tight-stretched strings and skins seems only a poor echo of the music of the forest. That music Wagner alone amongst composers has truly caught and brought into the theatre and concert-room. There was no need for him to utter Shelley's prayer, "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is"; when the west or any other wind blew he became as one with wind and forest, and gave out the forest's note. Think of the opening of the "Valkyrie", or the tempest amongst the rocky mountain pines in the last act: Was there ever anything like to these things? Even for spring-music he remained cold and uninspired without the thought of the moving air to stir his imagination. The most beautiful spring-music in existence is the "Wood-voices" in "Siegfried",

where the repeated *sforzandos* make us feel the gusts of fresh winds, dashing the young leaves and bending the topmost branches of the trees. The music of "Parsifal" is inferior to his other music, not because of the stale subject of the opera, not because his powers had waned, but because he denied himself his one unfailing source of inspiration—the elements at work or at war, the winds, either violent or fresh and frolicsome.

For most of us the general term "wind in the trees" serves. We think of a vague music. Yet every wood the writer has known long enough to grow friendly with, and every tree in that wood, has its distinctive note. When a writer in this REVIEW said lately that he is "confident that a true ear could distinguish between the notes of Scots pine, spruce, and silver fir in the concert of a January evening", he simply said something with which every musician, after perhaps a minute's consideration, would agree. But, alas! the "true ear" alone does not qualify the musician to speak with authority; few musicians are students of tree-lore, and some (myself, for instance) would, if put to a test, have to leave unnamed half the trees of an average English wood. But the note of those I know sounds as clear in my mental ear as the note of a flute or an oboe or a violin, and I think (think only, for perhaps I might be deceived) I could guess the tree from the sound it gives forth. Once upon a time I used to stay during the autumn and first winter months of each year in a little French village. At the back rose the giant Forest of Fontainebleau, miles on miles of trees, mainly firs of sorts, but with plenty of oak, beech, larch, lime; between the forest and the village lay the Route Nationale, with its inevitable double line of poplars—a cause of bamboozlement to me for some time. In front was the river, lined and in places bisected longitudinally by reeds and bulrushes; beyond the river stood a row of tall commonplace trees whose name I never knew; farther away was a miscellaneous wood on marshy ground, haunted in the spring by hosts of croaking frogs and chattering magpies; farthest lay the canal, with more poplars. Beyond the canal there was little save a broad plain, planted partly with small vines, partly with "beetrave" (which I took to be mangold-wurzels, and not, as the dictionary affirmed, beetroots).

With the storms of late autumn began the winter concert-season, and, sitting by the noble wood-fire (and we burned nothing less stately than oak logs), as one heard the chimney booming, it was easy to tell from which quarter the wind blew. Seldom at that time of the year from the west; but when it did the mighty voice of the forest was carried towards our house deep as thunder: each furious shock of the blast seemed like the simultaneous firing of a dozen huge guns at a distance, mingled with the hiss and rustle of the road-side poplars. Then on with cap and coat and away up the hill by the field-path skirting the forest and at times passing through it. Amidst the general tumult and in the darkness there was no mistaking where you were, if you were familiar with the rough grouping of the trees. First you came on the acres of saplings of all kinds, yielding no true note—just a rush and fuss; then came the high, sustained wail of the pines when the wind was very violent, or the sustained roar when it was moderated, and in moments of stress the painful shriek of what I suppose tree-ologists would identify as the silver fir. The poplars gave no real note—or the rustle of the fluttering leaves drowned it. Later, when the leaves had gone, I have heard them sing clear as a telegraph wire—to make a prosaic comparison. Oaks massed together yielded a thunderous thud, but one standing solitary and exposed here and there, and half stripped of its summer clothing, would sing out in a noble tone; but it is a big instrument, and takes a big wind to play it. Massed bare brambles scream and hiss at the same time, and when battling against the tempest I used to rejoice when I heard them, for now my expedition was almost at end. On the return journey the sounds of the forest were curiously modified by the music made

on one's own ears by the wind from behind. Dickens mentions in "Copperfield" the ride from Canterbury to Dover, with this sound, like sad memories, creeping in his ear. The wind must have been from the north-west striking on his back. The sound blends curiously with that of the trees, making the most mournful music of all I have heard. But one distinguished the reedy pines, the keener-toned firs, the full-toned larger trees, amongst which I have forgotten to mention the walnuts; and in the blackest darkness I was quite conscious of drawing near to the highways, guided not by the voice of the poplars to leeward, but that of the other growths behind and to left of me.

The writer confined his saying to the evergreens—the firs and pines; but in the late autumn, when the other trees are half naked, their differences, too, come out clearly. Yet it is in winter we get most open-air music. The "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang", now echo with a deeper, fuller, wilder music, for every tree becomes a true aeolian harp. The firs all have an incisive, ready note; when their long branches are woven into a natural lattice the tone at once becomes "woolly", as when a pocket-handkerchief is stuffed into an organ-pipe; given the long thin branches not meshed together, the note is always full in proportion to the thickness of the trunk and the hardness of the ground. On a hard frosty night the forest booms as loudly again as it does in soft weather. As in an organ reed-pipe, the tone-quality varies with the size and shape of the chamber in which Nature's reed is set; and the distinct musical note that a miscellaneous forest gives is the result of the hall in which the whole instrument stands. A chair scraped on the floor of St. Paul's Cathedral echoes and re-echoes until a clear note is produced. A forest stands in the world's vastest hall, for it consists of the whole world, with echoes from woods, waters, and the level plains. So we hear that noble mass of tone varying as the wind rises and falls, or strikes on the wiry firs or the rounder-branched growths: a general level diapason or bourdon, with strange and sweet harmonics. And when the river runs near there is the continuous hiss of the smaller reeds and the kettle-drum roll effects of the bulrushes as they bend to the pressure of the hurricane. All blend into one magnificent chorus, mighty strength without violence, moments of rare sweetness; the instrument's resources are never exhausted, the fiercest wind that ever blew cannot tax its tone-producing strength; as in the finest imaginable orchestra, noises and full tones and the over-tones (chiefly of firs) all melt into a continuous stream of sheer music. Even the heavy, lifeless, colourless note of a laurel hedge has its uses: like the hiss and thudding of the reeds and rushes, it, so to speak, keeps the thing going. Unconscious Nature can beat all the conscious musicians who have ever lived. And when the gale dies down and the noises cease, in the fresh breeze we can hear the spruce and the other firs each softly chanting its note, clear and flute-like, or ready and even a trifle harsh, and all sad and miraculously beautiful. Then the wind breathes a last sigh and the trees are silent.

R.

#### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

MANY people have been resolving within the last few days to turn over the page. It is as well, perhaps, that no very large number of such resolutions will be kept. If virtue should by this means be increased on a large scale, the prigs and the bores would also be multiplied; for it may be assumed that at least nine-tenths of the good resolutions in question are due to the desire of leading a perfectly methodical existence. Nevertheless it is pleasant to think how many innocent enthusiasts there are in the world who still retain some faith in the virtue of a resolution. Presumption and self-conceit are possibly vicious things; but there is no doubt that they are the cause of an immense deal of happiness to their fortunate possessors; and surely the most satisfactory of all feelings must be the conviction that you are able to fix your future character for yourself. Who would not

envy the person who really believes that he has only, as it were, to pass a kind of private Act of Parliament in order to fix the outlines of his future conduct? Many thousands of young people have been giving this proof of a touching freshness of mind on the opening of a new year. Of course, they will very soon lose this energetic faith in their own autocratic power. A very few years of experience will teach them to be less sanguine, and therefore less lavish in their resolves. As the character stiffens we become conscious that there are certain changes which are not to be had by wishing for them, however strenuously. Some people find out by five-and-twenty that early rising is beyond their power, and others that nothing will make them love their neighbours. They will discover that it is wise to make the best of their qualities, such as they are, not to seek ambitiously to change them. The unpunctual will look for one of those positions in life in which punctuality is no object. The unkind will look for a position in which the power of inflicting pain without flinching is more desirable than a disposition to make things pleasant. Long before we are middle-aged we learn that our main hope must lie in changing our circumstances and not our virtues. If internal experience does not enforce this lesson upon us, a man must be lucky indeed upon whom it has not been impressed from without. Those who have the good or ill fortune to be rich and benevolent have probably had many reminders of this kind lately. They have had one more appeal from the impecunious friend who declares, with his usual solemnity, that he is about to turn over a new leaf and never again to get into debt. They have been requested to give another chance to the drunkard, who is this time really going to take the pledge and keep it. They have been invited to be reconciled to the relation who has definitely sown his crop of wild oats, and is never to make a bet or attend a horserace again. They know well enough what would be the simplest and perhaps in the end the kindest course: that they had better, so far as their own interests are concerned, recommend the fast young gentleman to go to the diggings or any other place where revolvers are used as recklessly as possible; that the dipsomaniac should be enabled to drink himself to death, and the gentleman in difficulties take the shortest possible road to the workhouse. Why struggle to keep a man's head just above the waters into which you know him to be irremediably sinking? The process is a laborious one for us, and we should be inclined to fancy that it could not be an agreeable one for him. As for the vain hope that a good resolution will change the course of the unfortunate victim's life, that is altogether too shadowy a prospect to be taken into account by reasonable men. As Christians we are forbidden to despair of our neighbour, or at least to refuse to offer him a helping hand; but as men of business we feel that our hope is of the smallest, and only trust that our merit in giving help may be proportioned to the depth of our conviction of its uselessness.

There are few people who have not had enough of such experiences to regard the boyish trust in good resolutions as one of the most groundless illusions of childhood. We have all made many good resolutions and we have watched the good resolutions of other people, so that it is impossible for us any longer to be sanguine. We can probably remember the time when we resolved to keep a regular diary, to make careful abstracts of all the standard authors in the language, to work out a grand philosophical system which should reconcile all the conflicting views of different schools, to reform the world, and to keep our accounts accurately, and we know how small a part of these admirable schemes has ever borne fruit in practice. In one way or another one has ceased to regard the resolution to turn over a new leaf as being identical with, or even as being a probable preliminary to, turning it over in practice. One feels a keen sympathy with Dr. Johnson, who continued for seventy years to resolve that he would be an early riser, and was no nearer success at the end of that period than at the beginning.

A habit of making good resolutions is in some ways a very dangerous thing. It has sometimes been argued that reading novels and poetry is on the whole prejudicial to the moral nature, because it leads us to be satisfied with the cultivation of our benevolent emotions without applying them to any practical purpose. On the same principle, it should be dangerous to be always picturing ourselves as the possessors of every virtue under heaven without making any distinguishable progress towards the accomplishment of our wishes. Our will, it is said, becomes enervated when we acquire a habit of aspiring without carrying our aspirations to a practical fulfilment. But we must not be too gloomy about good resolutions. It is just possible for a man to improve, however rare the phenomenon may be; and if, by resolving to get up an hour earlier—early rising is so frequent a subject of good resolutions that one cannot avoid the illustration—one succeeds in actually rising five minutes earlier, or even in stopping the natural course towards rising later, one has done something. Indeed, it must be admitted that there is frequently something to be gained by forming good resolutions at such stated periods as the beginning of a new year; our lives run so much in grooves that it is useful occasionally to change our point of view, and endeavour for a few moments to see ourselves from the outside. It is not unfrequent for a man on such an occasion to gain sudden glimpses which reveal to him his whole life in a different aspect from that to which he is accustomed. He may find out for a moment that he has been frittering away his time and talent on totally unworthy objects, and may resolve to take some plunge—into marriage, for example, or into a different profession—which will entirely alter his life. Sometimes a man discovers that he is and has been for many years a fool; and though that useful piece of knowledge is likely enough to be forgotten when he has returned to his usual routine, it is nevertheless a wholesome discovery so long as it lasts. No man is quite the same after he has once distinctly said to himself, "I have made an unequivocal blunder".

The extreme case of the good resolution is known amongst religious fanatics as conversion. Very often that phrase means nothing more than a fit of temporary excitement; sometimes it implies a simple change of dialect, whilst the character remains essentially the

same; but it would be absurd to deny that, whatever may be the philosophy of the case, the term sometimes denotes a very remarkable change of character even amongst the most unimaginative and commonplace men and women. Without dwelling upon topics of this exalted nature, something may be done by ordinary human beings if they are content not to expect too much. Everybody, as the common phrase goes, is either a fool or a physician by forty; some people are both; and, to transfer the doctrine from the physical to the moral health, everybody should have learnt before that period what is the method of treatment by which he may be coaxed into some kind of improvement. A good resolution is a medicine of which the amount and the mode of application require to be carefully considered; and no very plain rules can be laid down beyond that. An overdose is very apt to turn the stomach, and too small a dose may produce no effect at all. Perhaps the only general principle is that the moral, like the physical, medicine can do little beyond allowing fair play to nature. It would be absurd, for example, though nothing is more common, for a person who is never capable of catching a train or answering a letter to determine to become all at once a model man of business; but some moderate improvement may occasionally be made. As a rule, a person sets about the work of reform by putting up an elaborate set of pigeon-holes, laying in a stock of red tape, and resolving to answer every letter by return of post. The result is, of course, that he simply has a more elaborate machinery for reducing things to a state of chaos. A more limited ambition might have produced happier results. If, for example, he had resolved to destroy all his papers, and to allow all his business to do itself, he might have obtained an inverted order, which is certainly more congenial to him and more satisfactory in the long run than any compromise between confusion and perfect arrangement. The truth is that making good resolutions is a fine art, requiring a good deal of time and attention. Our ordinary spasmodic efforts at turning over the page end for the most part in nothing but disgust; but if we carefully measure what we can do, and consider what are the means really within our power, we may sometimes succeed, not in substituting good qualities for bad, but in so distributing our energies as to make our bad qualities rather less obtrusive.

### A CONTRAST.

BY HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

#### AFTER SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY.

**S**IRE, we have proved your sailors brave,  
Trained in the school of wind and wave:  
Bethink you, was it well to send  
Such men as these, for such an end?  
O glory of the German flag!  
Where Caesar never made "his brag  
Of came and saw and conquered", they  
Saw the cliffs stand at dawn of day.  
For mastery, they came by night:  
For victory, they turned to flight,  
And left, to prove their end fulfilled,  
Women and children, maimed and killed.  
Well, let the raiders have their due:  
Sire, it was quickly done: but you  
Shower'd iron crosses, once the meed  
Of valour, on this scrambled deed.  
You found the way to England's coast?  
Enjoy the glory: make your boast.  
Such triumphs in the coming days  
May prove the grave of all your praise.

#### AFTER CUXHAVEN.

**B**ECAUSE we love "the little touch  
Of Harry in the night" so much,  
You chose a way of bringing home  
A little touch of Kaiserdom.  
From depths below, from sea and sky,  
Sire, you have heard our fleet's reply:  
Forgive us if we cannot pay  
In full the debt of yesterday.  
We never hoped to rival you:  
(Render to Caesar Caesar's due :)  
Our feat of arms was faulty, weighed  
With your inimitable raid.  
Of women and of children slain  
Yours is the glory, yours the gain:  
Our airmen only aimed their blows  
At battleships and arm'd foes.  
Look on that picture and on this:  
Call earth and sea for witnesses,  
Then challenge all the neutral Powers  
To choose between your way and ours.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Court o' Hill, Tenbury,

12 January 1915.

SIR,—At first sight it would seem that, as a woman, I should apologise for having any opinion at all upon recruiting; second thoughts, however, must convince every sane man that it is a subject on which every sane woman has a right to speak, since man claims his male monopoly as being the fighting animal *for both sexes*; women, therefore, are bound to see that he fulfils the bond.

In addition, I have some practical experience, and this I propose to give for what it is worth. At any rate, as a woman's view it will be novel.

To begin with, anything more exasperating to honest but hesitating folk, anything more paralysing to eager effort, than the present policy which governs recruiting—I know and care not whose—it would be difficult to imagine. Wires come down from some headquarters—I know and care not whence—to say men are urgently wanted. You strain every nerve to get them. You lie to the dependants, mortgaging your own security to convince them that allowances will be promptly paid when you know they won't. You send them to the dépôt, and they come back "not wanted". Not rejected on medical grounds—as a rule they are only too ready to publish this abroad—but simply, so they say, because they are not wanted. It may be that they have been told to come back later on; if so, it shows a lamentable lack of knowledge of human nature. Most of these returned goods feel that they have been made fools of; they have said good-bye to their families with heroic tears, they come back like bad shillings! Such feelings are not a good *nidus* for further patriotism. Possibly my experience may be unique, but in this district the most common of all answers to any appeal is: "*Why won't they let us know for certain? I ain't goin' to go and get sent back like so and so*". Now, this impression may be a wrong one. It may have a slender foundation in one or two rejections, but it exists and it is growing.

And behind this lies a stronger reply. The reply of the young married woman—for it is an open secret that the proportion of married volunteers is largely in excess of what it ought to be: "*Why should I and my babes spare the breadwinner when there are dozens of skulking bachelors about?*"

That to me—woman, wife, mother, grandmother—is unanswerable. Why, indeed? And here I would put in a word: it is as well to look things in the face. Why is there this excess of married men amongst our recruits? This—because the married man has a woman to back up his patriotism.

No! The time has come when someone—I care not what principality or power—should say boldly: "*The great, the unparalleled, strain on the nation must be born equally, fairly and squarely. The timid must share it with the brave, the selfish with the unselfish*".

There is no need to call it conscription; there is no reason why it should even oust the voluntary system. But great dangers call for great precautions, and surely Britain stands in danger now?

Such a call to the nation need have no more permanent significance than the call for additional income tax. It will be said that the latter is already incorporated in our constitution, while compulsion is foreign

to it. Well! Frenchmen will stand conscription, but they will not stand income tax. Yet, if the latter be found necessary during the war, I feel sure their patriotism would make them accede to it.

It is not for the selfish that compulsion is necessary. It is because the fair square soul of the nation demands it. One and all, shoulder to shoulder, man for man; that is what England at this present wants—and will have if the voice of the women, the mothers of the future race, have anything to do with it.

Yours faithfully,  
FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bradbourne Hall,  
Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

SIR,—Writers advocating Universal Military Service show a disposition to evade inquiry into the nature of the opposition to be overcome. A paragraph in the "Southwell Diocesan Magazine" for December 1914 suggests one line of inquiry. The following statistics relating to the Army are given for 1913. There is no information as to the source from which they are drawn, so they are only worth quoting as suggesting a line of inquiry, not as evidence.

The strength of all arms is given as 222,421 men. Of these 161,232 were members of the Church of England; 33,662 were members of the Church of Rome; 15,971 were Presbyterians; 9,755 were Wesleyans; 5,526 were of other denominations; 2,037 were Mahomedans; 236 were Jews. The figures do not quite tally, as the totals of the denominations exceed the grand total by about 6,000. This inaccuracy does not seriously affect the argument, but is a useful warning to accept all statistics with a measure of incredulity.

Accepting the figures for what they may be worth, they give to the Church of Rome about 15 per cent. of the whole; to Wesleyans under 5 per cent.; to "other denominations", including Baptists and Congregationalists, about 2½ per cent. It is possible that most of those to whom religion is little more than a name tend to call themselves Church of England, so that too much emphasis should not be laid on its great predominance. But it is not likely that a Baptist, or Congregationalist, or Jew would call himself anything but what he is. It is generally taken for granted that Baptists and Congregationalists combined number considerably more than 2½ per cent. of the population, and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that there is among them a widespread dislike to military service. If that is so, such dislike would be opposition of a formidable character. These bodies are highly organised, and are the very backbone of political Nonconformity.

The question whether Universal Service is in conflict with this organised body of religious opinion is one subject for inquiry.

Another is the attitude of the trade unions.

It would be interesting to find out what proportion of their members were on the strength of all arms in 1913.

If investigation shows that political Nonconformity and the trade unions are by conviction and tradition adverse to military service, those facts are difficulties which must be faced and dealt with before the question of Universal Service can be anything but academic. So far there seems no attempt to face them. How far recruiting since the declaration of war has modified previous figures is also an interesting question. But at present there are no published statistics, and any estimate could only be guess-work. What is wanted is honest inquiry and a frank statement of the facts, so that those who favour Universal Service may realise the difficulties in the way of its adoption, and form some opinion as to whether they can be overcome, and, if so, how.

Yours, etc.,  
LAURENCE W. HODSON.

## IRELAND AND RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
1, Garden Court, Temple, E.C.,

13 January 1915.

SIR,—I am sure you will wish me to correct a misstatement in the article "Ireland and Recruiting" in your last issue. Your contributor charged the "Morning Post's" Belfast correspondent with the following error:—

"The number of 'recruits' given for Ulster, 26,768, admittedly includes *reservists* and recruits for the old Army as well as for the new, while the number given for the rest of Ireland, 11,000, includes only recruits for the new Armies." So far as concerns Ulster, your contributor is wrong. *Reservists* are not included in the above figure and the mistake does Ulster great injustice. She has no need to swell her figures fictitiously. The following—the latest available return—taken from the "Belfast News Letter" of 11 January, shows that the total number of *recruits* from the province of Ulster, for both the new armies and the old, is 29,266, exclusive of officers:—

Ulster Volunteer Division (to 2 January)	
including 9,528 from Belfast	... 15,693
Belfast City Hall, Army generally (to 8 January)	4,151
Clifton Street, Victoria Barracks, and Counties Antrim and Down, in 83rd Regimental Area (to 8 January) ...	4,490
27th Regimental Area (Counties Tyrone, Londonderry, Donegal, and Fermanagh (to 2 January)) ...	2,115
87th Regimental Area, Counties Armagh, Cavan, Monaghan (to 2 January) ...	1,598
North Irish Horse (to 2 January) ...	574
6th (Home Service) Battalion Black Watch	135
City of Derry I.N.V., not included in return for 27th Regimental Area ...	250
	29,006
Recruits for Royal Navy and Armoured Motor Car Corps ...	260
	29,266

It should be mentioned that the 87th Regimental District includes County Louth. It is impossible to obtain figures from that county, but the deduction to be made from the total on that account is obviously of little consequence. As your contributor has given a number of figures, quoted by way of comparison, may I point out that the fairest test is that based upon a percentage of the population. According to the return quoted by Lord Midleton in the House of Lords, South Scotland heads the list with 237 per 10,000 of the population; Lancashire has given 178, the home counties 173. Ulster and the four maritime counties—Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare and Carlow—127. In agricultural districts the proportions are: North of Scotland 93, West of England 80, East of England 88, and the South and West of Ireland 32.

I understand that if the figures of the province of Ulster alone are taken—the four extraneous counties being eliminated—the proportion is 189 per 10,000—a higher figure than that of Lancashire—a result of which Ulster has no reason to be ashamed.

Yours faithfully,  
PEMBROKE WICKS.

## MR. KIPLING AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent issue the "Globe" gave some extracts about Mr. Kipling's books from "My Autobiography", by Mr. S. S. Clure, from which anyone would get the impression that after having failed to find a publisher for them in America, Messrs. Harper's having "turned down" all his most famous stories, much the same thing happened in this country, and that at first his books went slowly. This is certainly not the "Truth about Kipling". It was in the SATURDAY REVIEW, some time in 1889, I think, that I read a short but most favourable review of editions published in India by Messrs. Wheeler of Mr. Kipling's "Soldiers

Three", "The Gadsbys", "Under the Deodars", "We Willie Winkie", "Phantom Rickshaw", "The City of Dreadful Night", etc. I arranged as soon as I possibly could with Messrs. Wheeler that my firm should publish the works in this country. The books had been printed in India as thin 8vo volumes in paper wrappers for sale on Messrs. Wheeler's Indian railway bookstalls. I wished to do them in a form more suited to this market, but this could not be done, and so I arranged to print the works here for Messrs. Wheeler and my firm. We spent a good deal of money in advertising them in various ways, as I thoroughly believed in them. We sold more than 300,000 copies of the shilling editions, and the books were very well and widely reviewed in this country. Mr. Kipling will, I feel sure, agree with me that this wide publicity given here, chiefly through the effect of a review in the SATURDAY REVIEW, did much to establish his fame as a writer. The first editions of the paper cover issues afterwards became sought after by book collectors.

Yours faithfully,  
R. B. MARSTON,  
Editor, "The Publishers' Circular and Booksellers' Record", Adam Street, W.C.

## THE CHURCH IN WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Transvaal, 18 November 1914.

SIR,—I see by the papers that a Commission has been appointed to dispose of "the temporalities of the Welsh Church". In plain language, these gentlemen are to seize the property of an ancient institution against its will and divide it among other institutions which can lay no shadow of claim to its possession.

To those of us who realise the significance of the old British Church this proceeding is at once most painful and most shocking to the moral sense. The Welsh Church is a sacred link with the past. Older, perhaps, than the Church of Rome, dating back so far that its origin is lost to us, it preserved Christianity in our island through the dark days of invasion and bloodshed until the English Church came into existence. Surely every Christian of every denomination, who claims any English blood, should honour and protect her?

We shall be told that this act of robbery is legal; it has the consent of Parliament. Quite so. We all know how that Bill was passed. The less said about its "legality" the better. It is a transaction at the thought of which every Liberal should blush with shame.

Sir, we have seen how the spiritual and moral downfall of Germany can be dated from the Franco-Prussian War. The seizure of Alsace-Lorraine, and the levying of millions as a war indemnity on the conquered, laid the foundation of her material prosperity, but killed the Germany that we once loved. Will any British institution follow Germany's example, and complacently accept a share of the spoil with the smug remark that "good" will be done with it? Can we do evil that good may come? No, assuredly not. God is not mocked.

Against the Welsh Church no charge of uselessness or negligence can be brought to salve the conscience of the spoilers. I hope that British people may lay this to heart, and that all institutions which are offered a share of the booty will refuse to take it. We are living in great times—let us be worthy of them. Let us leave rapine and spoliation to the Hun.

Yours faithfully,  
A BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN.

## POETRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove.

SIR,—Amid the clash of arms and all the stirring episodes of the battlefield itself your columns show you still cherish a lively appreciation of the poet and his work. This is a course assuredly worthy of support on behalf of every man of discernment or experience. As a matter of fact, poetry

at once challenges investigation and richly rewards it. And yet the apathy on the subject entertained by men of thought and information is astounding. No stream can rise higher than its source; and perhaps the general public can hardly be expected to grow enthusiastic over a literary subject which the Universities themselves treat in a manner so half-hearted and lukewarm. Poetry is not likely to be valued until it is understood, and a just estimate of it seems as difficult to obtain and diffuse as does its satisfactory definition. Poetry, either as intellectual exercise or intellectual stimulant, seems as much an unknown land as did America to the Old World before the wisely daring days of Columbus. Old-world ignorance of these great regions, however, in no way lessened either their extent, their wealth, their capacity, or their beauty. Facts are facts, whatever our ignorance of them may be, or may entail. Of the 600 Universities in the world only one (Oxford) maintains a professor of Poetry! Nothing could more strikingly illustrate or expose popular opinion on this subject. The educational value of poetry depends largely on its all-round appeal to human faculty, thought, taste and feeling being all at once called forth. Besides this, we all know the influence, the high moral influence, of surroundings. What must be the result in tone and aspiration and outlook generally of those who live in close association with the noblest creations of the noblest intellects, their deeper insight, their wider view, their enriched conceptions? Two of the most potent forces of our day are the power of language and the power of invention—language showing itself in pulpit, platform, and Press; and invention, which, after aiding all arts of peace, is now daily modifying the conduct of war; and each of these powers, as well as all other powers of the mind, would be immensely quickened by a systematic study of poetry. For these, and countless other similar considerations, no doubt, "Household Words" observed, years ago, "Poetry and the highest literature may be of small use in coaching for an examination, but their value is more abiding than that of a thousand college books".

I am, Sir,  
Faithfully yours,  
W. H. STANLEY.

#### ST. PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—Whether or no your reviewer of the above work is justified in his remarks is not for me to say, but perhaps I may be allowed to point out that he seriously misrepresents me. "Dr. Headlam", he writes, "is eloquent about the risen Easter life in the Spirit of Christ, but the reader who wishes to know whether the Body of the Crucified mouldered in the grave is put off with the statement that St. Paul clearly looked on Christ's rising again as 'in some sense' a bodily resurrection".

May I point out that in the page from which he quotes, I state that St. Paul had a "knowledge of the empty tomb". That "nothing could be more erroneous" than that the appearances were "subjective". I also state that the fact that Christ had risen from the dead was a central fact of St. Paul's teaching, and that he had taken much trouble to obtain evidence of the fact. I do not think that anyone acquainted with the writings of St. Paul (and it is his writings that I am trying to interpret) could feel that more explicit language was justified. Your reviewer objects to the expression "in some sense". He seems to forget that the nature of the Resurrection Body has always been a matter of discussion in the Church; that St. Paul tells us that "it is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body", that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God", and describes the relation of the raised body under the analogy of a seed that springs up: "Thou sowest not that body that shall be".

The fact is that your reviewer's quarrel is not with me, but St. Paul. And this is only one instance of how lamentably deficient that writer is from the point of view of certain modern schools of orthodoxy.

I need not trouble your readers by touching on other points.  
Yours, etc.,  
ARTHUR C. HEADLAM.

#### REVIEWS.

##### SOME BROWNING RELICS.

"New Poems." By Robert and Mrs. Browning. Smith, Elder. 5s. net.

GENIUS has never been allowed to have a waste-paper basket. The average man of letters has only himself to blame if he gives to the world anything but his most successful work. No one is likely to ransack reverently the rejected heap of his second or third best. He need never be caught in his shirt-sleeves, the secret of his hard labour bare to the critical eye. But the genius is less happy. His only remedy against being caught in the act of failure lies in destroying with his own hand every scrap of paper which he does not desire to live for ever as evidence for the prosecution. It is useless his assuming, because he did not publish certain work of his during his lifetime, that therefore posterity will respect his presumable misgivings as to its quality. Posterity will argue that the productions of genius belong not to the genius himself, but to mankind; that not all geniuses have been able to distinguish their best work from the second-best; and that the interest of watching genius at work outweighs any delicacy one may feel about it. Nothing could be more certain than that Robert Browning, in writing the lines:

"Venus, sea-froth's child,  
Playing old gooseberry,  
Marries Lord Rosebery  
To Miss de Rothschild"

did not intend to compose for posterity. It is no less certain that Elizabeth Barrett, when she allowed her tame dove to send a rhymed epistle to Miss Mitford's canary—

"My spouse and I accept the honour  
You put upon me and upon her,  
And here with equal cordiality  
Return our friendship's mutuality"

—had no idea that these lines would one day prove to the world that the author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" could unbend in jest as low as to the earnest of the most deject and wretched of unprinted rhymesters. Nevertheless, here is the inevitable volume of "New Poems", containing much that their authors would have suppressed, to serve as yet another warning to writers of genius that if posterity can catch them at a disadvantage, posterity will most assuredly do so. The house of Smith, Elder could not avoid this book. The MSS. here published for the first time were no longer in any real sense private, and the publishers have done no more than their duty by posterity in collecting, editing, and introducing them to the public with the necessary notes.

Posterity would hold the book justified by three poems alone of Robert Browning, here added to his collected works. "Ben Karshook's Wisdom", "Gerousios Oinos", and the fragment of a soliloquy by Aeschylus—these three poems are almost upon the level of Browning's best work. It is not possible here to quote them, or to name and describe all the other pieces which flash the true spark in a line or lonely word. This book is for those, far read in Browning, who will not need to be guided to its few really precious things. We do not imagine that these readers will linger long upon evidence that Browning at 14 wrote much the sort of verse which many precocious young people write at about that age and afterwards destroy. Browning has hitherto most fortunately escaped a premature delivery of his muse to the public. His muse came decently fledged into the world with "Pauline". Browning had nothing like Shelley's "Zastrozzi" or Byron's "Hours of Idleness" to live down. Even now, when we can safely assume that the worst is known, Browning's youngest work, which he withheld from publication, is better than the adolescent performances of some of our greatest poets. "The First Born of Egypt", written at 14, is better than much of "Queen Mab".

In spite of this, we must admire the judgment of the young poet who resolutely destroyed in a wholesale way the merely tentative work of his early years, and regret the accident which allows us to cancel his desire that the poetic prattling of his boyhood should be quite forgotten. Once again we insist that the responsibility for this accident is Browning's. Given the authentic MS. of a poem by Robert Browning, it simply *has* to be published sooner or later; and it is surely better for Browning's own publishers to do the thing at once in a regular and authoritative way than to wait, out of an uneasy regard for the poet himself, for the inevitable literary ragpicker of to-morrow.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of this small volume are Elizabeth Barrett's notes of advice and criticism as to Browning's poems of 1845. These notes are from a paper of Mrs. Browning, sold in MS. at the sale of 1913, and now published for the first time. We are able to realise, as never before, what an admirable critic Browning had in his wife. Her brief notes are as fine a document of practical criticism as we have read. Her criticism, of course, is expert criticism—the "shop" of one poet talking to another. Elizabeth Barrett does not waste words upon vague or general observations; she does not air her own ideas as to what a poem ought to be or as to how she herself would treat the subject. She simply suggests improvements, or declares her impression that here or there, always in a definite and describable way, the expression is weak, or obscure, or unmusical. Moreover, she is always right. When we compare the draft submitted to her with the draft as afterwards published we invariably find either that Browning has accepted her recommendation *tel quel*, or that he has modified his poem to meet the specific weakness she has indicated. Mrs. Browning was clearly able to give her husband exactly the help he needed. She has always a generous enthusiasm and intuitive grasp of his idea, with high praise for his success. But she is none the less able to help him technically to improve upon his first delivery. There are two excellent instances in "Saul" of the way in which Browning was helped by his wife. In the first draft of the poem Browning disclosed his brooding king in the lines:

"Then a sunbeam burst thro' the blind tent roof  
Showed Saul".

Elizabeth Barrett writes to him:

"Now will you think whether to enforce the admirable effect of your sudden sunbeam, this first line should not be rendered more rapid by the removal of the clogging epithet 'blind'? . . . What if you tried the line thus—

"Then a sunbeam that burst through the tent-roof—  
Showed Saul!"

The manifestation in the short line appears to me completer from the rapidity being increased in the long one. I only ask—it is simply an impression. I have told you how very fine I do think all this showing of Saul by the sunbeam—and how the more you come to see him the finer he is".

This is expert criticism of the highest order. The change is minute, and to some who do not realise how slender is the barrier between magical success and failure in poetry it will perhaps seem rather trivial. But the real difference to the poem is immense. Browning, of course, accepted literally his critic's suggestion, with the result that we see to-day that shaft of light striking the darkness of the tent with a revealing abruptness which pulls up the racing imagination with just the necessary start. In another instance we find Browning himself supplying the correction of lines which his critic found susceptible of improvement. In the first draft of the same poem Browning wrote of the homing sheep:

"One after one seeks its lodging  
As star follows star  
Into the blue far above us,  
—So blue, and so far!"

Elizabeth advised him:

"It appears to me that the two long lines require a syllable each at the beginning to keep the procession of sheep uninterrupted. The ear expects to read every long and short line in the sequence of this metre as one long line. And where it cannot do so, a loss . . . an abrupt . . . is felt—and there should be nothing abrupt in the movement of these pastoral, starry images. Do you think so?"

Browning did think so; for he has smoothed out his lines in the published version:

"How one after one seeks its lodging  
As star follows star  
Into eve and the blue far above us,  
—So blue, and so far!"

It is also notable that Browning so far agreed with the necessity of reading the long and short lines together that in his complete and second edition of "Saul" the two lines are printed throughout as one. Here are but two instances of the packed riches of this too small MS. It will strongly appeal to every reader who is interested in the craft of poetry, or has thought at all of the relation between the craft and the soul of great literature. It is also a reproof to the arrogance of practising critics of all degrees. Elizabeth Barrett offers her suggestions to Robert Browning with the true humility of one who, despite her skill and confidence in craft, knows how inscrutable are the ways of genius. "I do beseech you", she writes, "in regard to these notes of mine to separate the right from the wrong as carefully as possible! And in the hope of your doing so, I have ventured to put down everything that came into my head". How much more gladly would we read some chapters of English criticism if, for example, the reviewer of "Endymion", or of Leigh Hunt's "Comic Dramatists", or some of the commentators of Shakespeare, had had some of the honourable diffidence of a reverent critic when confronted with the best!

#### THE TORY SPIRIT.

"The Tory Tradition." By Geoffrey G. Butler. Murray.  
3s. 6d. net.

TRUE Toryism is, after all, a matter of inspiration.

It is no mere political label, but a temperament—a way of viewing things sub specie aeternitatis, a resource in the midst of man's multitudinous and conflicting reasonings, a power of resisting the chance caprices of every passing hour, a faith in the solid and fundamental and in common sense, in the obligations of honour, and in the lasting superiority of what is perpetual in life and nature over the obsession of the moment. Politically it stands for leadership as against the direction of the crowd, for the nation in orderly array of rank and status as against the indiscriminate mob. Drawing its wisdom from all past time, every moment that passes adds to the wealth of its traditions. There is always about it the glamour of past conflicts. Though the Cavalier may have succumbed, who would forget the charges of Rupert? Moreover, he who believes in the England of a thousand years is the man to whom the greatness of England is the one thing received which at all costs must be preserved and handed on. Therefore to the Tory national greatness is at all times the primary aim. "My country, may she ever be in the right, but my country, right or wrong." Apart altogether from the controversies of any one period, Toryism must give to a nation the specific qualities of tenacity, coolness, and faith in the nation's destiny as a fixed star. It is the Tory who preserves the characteristic humour of a people in all its classes, so that the definite type evolved in a long history is not blurred, and so that the work that can be relied on from that type will not be lost to the world. English Toryism, in particular, is racy of the soil. "High Church, high farming, and old port": only an English Tory can appreciate the true significance and many meanings of that toast.

Mr. Geoffrey Butler essayed a very difficult task when he attempted to convey to an American audience

an idea of the Tory tradition. As he truly says, the average American thinks he understands the aims of English Radicals, which he regards as closely akin to the particular objects of his own Republic. But he will not trouble to investigate Toryism, which he dismisses as "the party of privilege, of rapacious mediævalism". Vague memories of Lord North and George III. carry into the twentieth century the animosities of the eighteenth. Mr. Butler has chosen the biographical method; he has taken four great names, Bolingbroke, Burke, Disraeli, and Salisbury, and has shown how each represents one phase in the general philosophy of Toryism. Bolingbroke he treats as the great reconstructor of a party on national lines: his destructive work was to teach the Tories to give up their Jacobite ideals, and his constructive work to sketch out the idea of a party that transcended the boundaries of sect and class. Many critics will certainly demur to Mr. Butler's claiming of Edmund Burke as a Tory, and Dr. Johnson would probably be amazed to find his friend and antagonist in such company. "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me", said Johnson when he was ill. But Johnson did not live to read the pages which contain the greatest outpouring of Conservative eloquence in our literature. Mr. Butler is undoubtedly justified in his two-fold appeal to the later Burke. He finds in him "the fundamental doctrine of all Toryism—the organic, as opposed to the mechanic, conception of that aspect of society which we call the State. Into that society all men are born; and of that aspect of it, by the very fact of their existence, they become a part. From that natural obligation man cannot free himself, nor divest himself of his moral agency in a civil order". From Burke's postulate that the State is an organism there naturally follows a reverence for those institutions which are the expression of the State's organic life. "Burke showed to the full the Tory disbelief in the finite wisdom or finite capabilities of any one individual. He shared their belief in the power of tradition and of ancient processes of Government to grapple with new situations, if only those inherited methods are rightly handled, and those inherited traditions rightly understood."

When we reach the two great names of the nineteenth century, we find Mr. Butler treating Disraeli almost exclusively from the standpoint of domestic politics, and Salisbury almost exclusively from that of foreign affairs. This was perhaps inevitable, as the book is made up of lectures necessarily limited by time, but it involves a conspicuous incompleteness in the view of each statesman. The serious Disraeli of the years when he really exercised power was absorbed by European and Imperial policy. Lord Salisbury, in his speech to the Lords after Disraeli's death, summing up the essential qualities of his leader's character, said that he had always a genuine passion for the greatness of England. That is the true epitaph of Disraeli as a man of action. Salisbury, on the other hand, while history will undoubtedly recognise in him a Foreign Minister of consummate patience, foresight and science, exhibited also in a marked degree what is perhaps the most necessary characteristic of a modern Tory leader, an intellect of extraordinary critical power. But while Mr. Butler is compelled to leave out much, he has some admirable sayings about each of the statesmen. He is right in saying that to some Disraeli will remain the perpetual oracle of Toryism, though to the majority he will probably always be the mysterious Sphinx or the uncomprehended charlatan. Something of these disabilities often clings to oracles. But Disraeli's character and books will always be an inspiration to young Tories. His life, with its almost unexampled conquest of difficulties in the way of greatness, is a spur to ambition; the sincere fervour of his sympathy with poverty and distress, the imaginative glow of his pictures of an improved State, his belief in the power of leadership, his dashing raids upon the idols and theories and arguments of the current philosophies behind which a majority entrenches itself and believes itself impregnable, his victorious strokes of

policy, which time has so fully vindicated, against the criticism of his Radical opponents—all these are a part of the wealth with which Disraeli has endowed the Tories of to-day and of the future. It is well to remember at the present moment that it was he who first suggested the employment of Indian troops on the battlefields of Europe, and that he was roundly abused for the suggestion at the time.

In writing upon Lord Salisbury as a Foreign Minister Mr. Butler explains why international affairs, in the natural course of things, seem of more vital moment to the Tory than to the Liberal. "English Liberalism has always laid stress upon the primary importance of national well-being. To the Tory it has always seemed more vital to remember and to cherish national obligations and those national duties which are involved by the existence of a family of nations. Organised society is endowed with powers infinitely beyond those with which the individual is equipped; and if organised society is endowed with powers, it is to the reflecting Tory a mere truism that it has in an equal degree duties unknown to the individual." Lord Salisbury, when he succeeded Granville, found an Anglo-German *entente* imminent, but drew back from it because he had always disliked Prussia and Prussian methods. For Austria he always showed a natural liking and sympathy, but he denounced the part played by Prussia in the Schleswig-Holstein question as an attempt to secure North Sea harbours for a German navy. He himself, indeed, exchanged Heligoland for a free hand in Zanzibar; but the North Sea harbours were then in existence, and the island of Heligoland would have been costly to defend and fortify, and might have impeded the freedom of the British Fleet. His later European policy was that of friendship without entanglement with each of the great groups—a policy practised with great success by Wolsey and Burleigh in the sixteenth century. It led to splendid isolation during the Boer War, but the Navy was strong enough to secure the greatest triumph of Salisbury's career—the neutrality of great Powers whose peoples were longing to intervene. He had a strong belief in his fellow-professionals of the diplomatic world, and said, "If you keep the unofficial people in order, I will promise you that the official people will never make war." Could he have repeated that now?

We heartily commend Mr. Butler's admirable and thoughtful little volume.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF FAILURE.

"Half Hours." By J. M. Barrie. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

WITH the story of Chatterton in mind, some of us are now and then haunted by the idea that round the corner genius may be dying of neglect. Sir James Barrie in the four little plays which he publishes under the title of "Half Hours" attempts to give us the other side of the picture. "What a failure is success!" murmurs the audience as it leaves the stalls and circle, and the opinion is even echoed by the sentimental cheap seats where the question cannot be debated with any great show of knowledge. The author has such a simple, gentle way with him that he can persuade us of almost anything for five minutes after the curtain has come down, and for five minutes more, maybe, outside the theatre "if it prove fine weather". But on a foggy night, fresh even from "The Twelve Pound Look" or "The Will", the successes experience a thrill of comfort in their cars, and the failures on the pavement or in the omnibus fail again, as ever, to make the best of things. Of course there are exceptions. Millionaires, it is stated on good information, now and then fall victims to an atavistic craving for the delights of the "Shelter", and persons with no visible means of support are occasionally found cheerful in their garret even after the age of twenty.

The methods by which Sir James Barrie tries to drive home his philosophy are hardly fair. Take, for example, the play he calls "The Will". Here we have three scenes, in the first of which are presented a poor young man and his wife, utterly devoted to one another and with but one sorrow in their world. She is on the verge of tears because they are at a lawyer's office discussing the eventual disposition of his practically non-existent property. Later on, we are shown the same pair older and richer, and everything seems to have changed for the worse in their relations. The Moralist would have us believe that money has brought out all the evil in them, but does he really fancy that things would have gone better in a life of poverty? And suppose the man had lost that very little income he had at first: what then? It is bad to be purse-proud, but it is no better to be envious, and those who talk of the vulgarising influence of wealth have simply blinded themselves to all the paltry dodges which poverty helps to grow. The pair in the play had a son who had to be hurried out of the country and a daughter who eloped with the chauffeur, but are we to pretend to think that poverty would have made the one honest and the other virtuous? Let us allow that a full stomach helps to keep men and women from picking and stealing and several other rash acts. If the rich are bad in the lump, will Sir James Barrie consider how very bad they would be were they poor? Let him think the matter over quietly, walking home from a performance of his most successful play on a foggy night. He may almost come round then to the view of *The Northern Farmer, New Style!*

The main idea of these "Half Hours" rests on a false and rickety foundation, but in one of them we find something a good deal better. In "Pantaloons" the author has for a few minutes at least come into touch with human truth in place of sentimental paradox. Says the old mummer to his daughter: "There is something I must tell you. I have tried to keep it from myself, but I know. It is this: I am afraid, my sweet, I am not so funny as I used to be". This we think is actual and universal tragedy. Sir James Barrie has put his finger on one of the most haunting fears known to man. When Pantaloons first asked himself whether he was as funny as of old, he put the question for that great crowd whose members are always wondering "Is my work as good as it was?" or "Is my work worth what it was?" And in that sickening hour when he had to fall into the barrel three times before he got the laugh he made one of the three or four most terrible discoveries which a human being can make; for some men it is the worst.

#### THE ESCAPE FROM RIGID SCIENCE.

"The Idealistic Reaction against Science." By Professor Aliotta. Translated by Agnes McCaskill. Macmillan. 12s. net.

"The Philosophy of Change." By H. Wildon Carr. Macmillan. 6s. net.

**W**E take these two books together because Mr. Wildon Carr expounds that popular French philosophy which is the most recent of those reactions against science with which the Italian professor occupies himself. One might infer from the title of Professor Aliotta's book that the reaction comes wholly from idealist systems of philosophy, but in fact the contents of the book have a wider range. The reaction against science comes not only from philosophers of different schools, but from mathematicians and physicists, as Professor Aliotta shows in the most difficult and technical part of his book. Poincaré in France, Kelvin in our own country, to name only two distinguished men of science, put forth theories far loftier than the mechanical conception of Nature, and the philosophy of science since the seventies has immensely changed in its outlook. Every means of escape for the mind and heart from the bondage into which the laws of physical science appeared to cast

them has been tried. The history of it need go no farther back than the later eighteenth century. British philosophical scepticism with Hume started Kant on inquiring how science might believe in itself even, which was then becoming very doubtful. Restored to confidence, it at last imposed on thought the dogma that all was law, and disdained the corrective of one of our own poets who reacted from its tyranny that also all was love. But Kant did something more. Alarmed at his own audacity and its consequences, he counteracted his earlier work by revealing a region where man is brought once more into contact with God and religion, with the sense of obligation to the moral law, and therefore with the consequent ideas of responsibility and freedom. In short, Kant proclaimed a region of free activity in man's nature as actual and even more real than the subject matter of physical science. Yet he left a gap in thought: an unreconciled opposition between the determinism of science and the freedom of spiritual life; and science went on very much as it had done before.

About the time of the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man" science was at the zenith. Now, regarded philosophically, it is at the nadir. Criticism from many quarters attacks the premises and the conclusions of the proposition that scientific conceptions are based impregnably on the rock of reality. The thesis of Mr. Wildon Carr's book is that such concepts as space, and time, and motion, taken physically, do not and cannot account for what we see and know of change in the physical universe, and that the principle of all change and development must be found in the operations of the spiritual nature of man which science disregards. The mechanist theory of evolution leaves the possibility of change inexplicable, and it must be supplanted by a theory of creative evolution whose real nature is to be discovered in human consciousness. This is the latest attempt to escape into freedom from the rigorous conceptions of science.

A similar attempt has been made to escape from the equally rigorous bonds of a too exclusively intellectual philosophy. The reaction has consisted in the effort to get away from logic into the volitional and emotional regions of life, to derationalise the world, and to understand its reality through its activities and not by means of a rigid framework of intellectual conceptions, into which all things must fit. The two most interesting examples of this effort are perhaps the "Will to Live" of Schopenhauer, and the now more famous "Will to Power" of Nietzsche, both of them assertions of a creative power in the world which cannot be comprehended in a scheme of philosophy founded on intellectual conceptions. France takes her part with Bontrouix, who sees the world explained "in the light shed upon it by the idea of beauty and liberty", evidently something different from logic; or with Bergson and his formula of "actions make things", which prima facie mysterious utterance Mr. Wildon Carr will endeavour to explain to the reader. Anglo-American Pragmatism or Humanism allies itself, in a degree which it is not necessary to attempt to state, with the French views, but, at any rate, it also insists that the nature of things is very largely moulded by ourselves, as human and spiritual beings, for our own ends and aims. Strange to say, it was Spencer and Darwinism that gave the impulse to this voluntarist phase of modern thought. What was supposed at first to be a triumph of scientific mechanism introduced a disintegrating element into all the intellectual systems. The philosophy of Mr. Wildon Carr asks, for instance, how science, which conceives of matter and force as fixed quantities, has room for the creation of new forms of life? It cannot account for change and movement in any real sense. In morals, as in intellect, what becomes of intellectual and moral concepts or principles, prior, and fixed, and complete from the beginning, if consciousness itself grows concurrently with the evolution of life, and manifests itself

mainly as an instrument for securing the continuance and well-being of life? Thus began the long series of philosophies in Germany, France, Great Britain, and elsewhere, examining everything by psychological, physiological, and biological tests, and attempting to show that such conceptions as time, space, motion, mass, etc., are dependent on our special physiological structure and are not realities existing absolutely in themselves. "Nature never repeats herself" takes the place of the idea of a fixed order of Nature, and everything is spontaneity and freedom.

Professor Aliotta examines these various systems critically, and none of them more severely than that of Mr. Wildon Carr's exposition. His touchstone in every instance is that they assume the very concepts they profess to discard, and that the world is not intelligible without them. Nature "corresponds to the mind", and so we understand the whole, through original concepts, some of which are applicable to the physical, and others to the regions of man's spiritual experience, will, thought, emotions. There is inherent reason and purpose in physical nature and in the life of man—the concept of the final end and purpose, or finality. The concepts make the synthesis or unification of science and philosophy. They are not only in our consciousness, but in the Absolute Consciousness or God, and "Faith in the value of science is faith in God". This spiritualistic conception of the world is full-rounded and complete. If the reader wishes to contrast with it an inconclusive treatment of the same concepts of God, Freedom, and Immortality, he may turn to the corresponding chapter in Mr. Wildon Carr's book. Nor will he fail to notice in the admirable translation from the Paduan Professor and in the original English of Mr. Wildon Carr a similar rapidity and eagerness of style, as if the new philosophies were rather over-stimulating and super-exciting.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"A Woman in China." By Mary Gaunt. Werner Laurie. 15s. net.

More than a little courage is required even in these days of a young Republic and a highly-esteemed President if a woman of the West would make a journey into the interior of China, but Miss Mary Gaunt, with her African experiences, was well fitted for the enterprise. Her chief aims seem to have been to visit the tombs of the Mings, the Great Wall, and the temples in the Valley of the Dead Gods, which the Emperor Ch'ien Lung built to the pious memory of his mother in the eighteenth century. Perhaps the most attractive features of the book are due to the author's ready perception of the possibilities of romance. Every European is more or less impressed by the wonder of China, yet there are few who sooner or later do not come to regard it as a tiresome country, and in this they are at one with its own inhabitants. To the Chinese life seldom or never seems a boon, and for this state of affairs Miss Gaunt blames the patriarchal system, the "continual keeping of the eyes on the past". She herself, however, finds hope in the belief that the spirit which conceived the Altar of Heaven, "the most glorious altar ever dedicated to any Deity", cannot have departed wholly. The inroads of the foreigner, particularly of the missionary, are, she says, waking the people to new endeavours, and in this opinion she is at one with many who have lived in the land for years. Within the last half-century Japan has surprised Europe, but there is good reason to believe that the Chinese, once aroused, will, by their earnestness, accomplish even more than has been done in the island Empire. How this will touch us in the West none can say, but for the present there is much to interest us in Miss Gaunt's accounts of this people, and of the extraordinary and often beautiful memorials which trace their history through at least two thousand years.

We have spent a delightful hour over "The Patriot's Diary, 1915," by R. M. Lennard (Oxford University Press, 1s. net). It glows with fine, earnest feeling, and is as marked in its nice selection of prose and poetic extracts from our great authors, not only by sound patriotism, but by a sense of humour and restraint, too. We hope this booklet will sell by many thousands; it is the best edited work of the kind on a modest scale that we have seen. Every Oxford man, past and present, should at once buy his copy; but its appeal is not to Oxford alone—it is to every ardent spirit who cares for England and England's glory.

"The Despatches of Sir John French"—describing the actions of our Army at Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, and Flanders—are published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall (1s. net), together with a little sketch map of the area. This is a good idea of the publishers, and many people ought to be glad to have the book. We wish to turn anew, and again to turn anew, to the glorious story of Mons in particular; nor do we want stronger, simpler, and more telling English than that of the great soldier whose "calm courage and consummate skill" Lord Kitchener praised in a speech that has passed into the immortal part of our military history. Altogether we are glad to have this handy collection of the four noble despatches.

#### SCHOOL BOOKS.

"Matriculation." English Course. Nesfield. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The number of thoughtful text-books given to the teaching of English seems to show that the study of English begins to be considered of almost equal importance as the study of foreign languages and Latin. Mr. Nesfield is one of the soundest and best of teachers. His matriculation course takes the pupil through essay writing in the examination room to a study, not altogether mechanical, of style in its finer values. On almost any one of these later pages the reader—not merely the matriculation pupil, but the serious reader of literature—will find something to applaud. Thus we open at random a page on "directness". Nothing, Mr. Nesfield assures his pupils, is gained by calling Shakespeare the "Swan of Avon", or speaking of tea as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates", or speaking of James I as the "wisest fool in Christendom". Mr. Nesfield spares not even the classics when they illustrate an obvious error. He has an engaging way of illuminating his criticism of one sort of style by examples of another. Thus Mr. Micawber is his foil for Hamlet. We should like to see Mr. Nesfield loose upon some of our popular authors of to-day. He has produced quite a remarkable book, combining method and great care that his text shall be of practical use in the school and lecture room with a refreshing individuality. He allows us to infer the man of taste and wide reading who cannot be suppressed, even though he is writing what purports to be merely a matriculation course on a subject in which official matriculation can never be more than a sort of joke.

"A Guide to the Study of English." By F. J. Rowe and W. T. Webb. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

This is a most complete book; and, from its very completeness, instances how very little can be taught in the way of English. Thus we can study here how to draw up the outlines of an essay, and how these outlines may be blown out according to the rules; and then we realise that the bore and the genius alike—each in his individual way—is easily able to do this without being taught. Or we may study the lists of words and the sorts of phrase used by poets, as distinguished from prose writers, and find, when we have done so, that in applying these lessons we have only succeeded in writing a duller prose than we naturally do by the light of nature. We know that poetry does not consist of writing "Albion", "bliss", or "joyance", where the prosaic would be satisfied with "England", "happiness", or "gladness". Nevertheless, it is useful to be reminded that Keats has used words like "bliss" and "drear" with the happy poetical effect described for us in this volume, even though this effect is somehow denied to ourselves. The authors of this volume have given much thought to the arrangement of their book. It will not make the dunce a man of letters; but it will help to save him from the knowledge that he will never write anything worth while.

"English Composition." By R. S. Bate. Bell. 3s. 6d.

The purpose of this book is to give instruction in English composition from the first stages, and as the task is one of extraordinary difficulty we may congratulate Mr. Bate on the way in which he has grappled with it. Most men and women, as he says, have but a faint idea how to write their own language, know nothing of punctuation, and cannot put their thoughts into any logical form. Certainly it would be well if boys and girls at school could learn a little more of these things, and both for pupils and teachers there is much useful information in the book, though we do not always agree with the author. The list of common errors compiled by the author is, for instance, excellent, but the objection to the use of the phrase "very pleased" is made in vain. The English language, after all, owes nothing to the grammarians and can never be ruled by them, whilst the ways of the purist can at times be even more objectionable than those of the careless. In his desire to leave no error unscathed, Mr. Bate at times seems too censorious of our happy freedom, but we find much that is good in

his instruction for young writers of essays. Particularly excellent is his black list of quotations, though he might easily have doubled it in length. Any teacher with a real sense for English will find the book of great use for reference, and in a class, where carelessness is the rule, the occasional pedantic passages will do no harm.

"Elements of Euclid." By S. Barnard and J. M. Child. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

One looks first in a modern text-book of geometry to see how much of Euclid's original treatise is included. This particular treatise begins well with the statement that "Euclid was a Greek mathematician of the third century B.C., who wrote a remarkable book called the 'Elements'." This "remarkable book" is treated with some reverence by these very able authors. They are modern in the sense that they entirely rearrange Euclid's propositions; but the substance of Euclid is here, and Euclid's own method again appears virtually unchanged after 2,000 years. Euclid, like Helmholtz, produced, so far as he went, the first and last books on his subject. Naturally, in the course of 2,000 years he has been edited, rearranged, and abbreviated. There are things which the modern geometer will accept as postulates which Euclid, in his marvellous conscientiousness, felt bound to prove. Nevertheless, we are still able to measure the quality of a geometer—as this admirable volume shows again—by his reverence for the only master of an art whose name has become the name of the art itself.

"Waterloo." By Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by F. Damiens. Bell. 2s.

In the present year, which, in addition to being the centenary of Waterloo, sees us in close alliance with France, no better text-book for French reading in schools could be taken than the one containing the story with which Erckmann and Chatrian ended their series of "Contes Nationaux". "Waterloo" does not, indeed, represent the authors artistically at their best, but its topical and historical interest must at the present time recommend it strongly. The two writers certainly did understand what war meant, and in France the opinions they expressed have not always been popular. Napoleon was to them the man of blood rather than the popular idol, but there is nothing in their work which can be construed as unpatriotic. In "Madame Thérèse" they told of an enthusiastic people defending their country, and in "Waterloo" it was the cruelty of a man's striving for personal power that drew their reproaches. Erckmann and Chatrian are among the small number of those whose work it seems good to read in time of war, and this new edition of one of their tales is to be warmly welcomed. The editor has added some useful notes, questions, and a vocabulary.

"Physiology and Hygiene." By E. S. Chesser. Bell. 2s.

Here is a book which has been written to meet the increasing demand for a work which shall treat shortly but comprehensively the various subjects connected with physiology and hygiene, which it is thought advisable to teach in schools for girls. It should, we think, serve its purpose well when its pages can be studied with the aid of a teacher who has herself some initial knowledge of these matters; in any other case, we fear that its technicalities will prove troublesome. Dr. Chesser, we note, covers a wide field, including dietetics, diseases, personal cleanliness, cooking, the care of children, and drainage. To these matters, which are dealt with in very simple language, the earlier and necessarily more complicated chapters on the structure of the body serve, indeed, principally as an introduction. As the mere mention of the word anatomy still creates in some academies a confusion like to that produced by a scampering mouse, we must add that the whole tone of the book precludes any suggestion of acquiring improper information. Few things, probably, can be so damping to the curious impertinent as a lecture on the human skeleton or a diagram of the lungs and liver.

"Preparations and Exercises in Inorganic Chemistry." By W. Lawson. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Lawson gives plenty of detail for the preparation of a number of ordinary yet theoretically interesting inorganic substances requiring no more apparatus than can be found in any adequately equipped school or college laboratory. Problems likely to arise in connection with the preparations are advanced, as well as various easy quantitative experiments. Salts of some of the commoner organic acids are also included. The book, which is the result of work done at Leeds University, is designed to combat the haphazard methods which too often prevail in the teaching of chemistry and which are frequently accepted as inevitable, and great emphasis is, therefore, laid on quantitative relationships and yield. Many diagrams are included, and the book should prove distinctly serviceable to junior university students and to boys at school who have acquired something more than a rudimentary knowledge of the subject.

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## GREAT WAR RALLY.

## HORATIO BOTTOMLEY AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Last Thursday Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the Editor of "John Bull", was the principal speaker at a meeting held at the Albert Hall to stimulate the public on the subject of the War. Mr. H. J. Weston—the Secretary of the Business Government League, which Mr. Bottomley is President—was the organiser, and Rev. A. J. Waldron occupied the Chair.

The meeting was of enormous proportions, and every inch of accommodation was occupied, while many people were unable to gain admission. Among those present were : Mr. Alfred Butt, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Eric O. Ohlson (Sheriff of Hull), Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. C. H. Ross (Manchester), Mr. Ben Tillett, Colonel R. W. L. Dunlop, Henry Dalziel, M.P., Mr. J. S. Wood, Madame Le Roy, H. A. Ashton (of the Voluntary Recruiting League), Mrs. Alfie Owen, Mons. E. Pollett, Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. A. Ch. Crisp, Lieut.-Colonel McDonnell, Mr. W. Howard Gritten, Mr. Henry T. Burton, Rev. Cecil Legard, the Hon. Quetta Wade, the Rev. G. Isaacs, Mr. A. G. Hales, Sir Robert and Lady Ashton, Captain W. J. Clarke (Civilian Force), Captain Wells (Footballers' Battalion), Colonel Grantham (17th Middlesex Regiment), Mr. E. A. Goulding, M.P., Mr. Frank Ken, Lady Coleridge, and Captain Percy W. Harris (Chief Recruiting Officer, Eastern Command, Hounslow).

The Chairman said there might have been wars to the initiation which they had been opposed, but every Britisher worthy of name believed that we had entered upon the present war with clean hands and pure consciences. (Cheers.) It was not war in the ordinary sense, but a holy crusade against the evils of militarism that had been the canker of Germany for many years. We were going through with it right to the end, never the sacrifice called for. (Cheers.) But we scarcely realised its meaning. The aristocracy had done splendidly. (Cheers.) He wished the middle classes and the lower middle classes would do as well. And no better example had been shown than that His Majesty the King had shown. (Cheers.) Mr. Bottomley, having acknowledged the enormous attendance a great personal compliment, said : I begin to wonder whether our nation has not been asleep for the last six years. I marvel at it comes about that with all the evidence of mischief and malice we then had before us, and which, as I then said, constituted a peremptory declaration of war against the peace of the world, we have waited for the convenience of our enemy. We have waited while she has equipped and completed the way, into the possession of which she ought never to have been admitted to enter, and equipped a colossal army of such a character that there was no legitimate justification for it ; until she deepened and widened that sinister waterway which to-day affords such welcome refuge to her much-vaunted fleet ; has plotted and explored the innermost secrets of our defences, appropriated our best forces, misappropriated many of our best intentions, and filled her arsenals with material of war, with the result that, although the end must be the same, we have to fight our way to victory through seas of blood and tears, which might have been averted if we had not closed our eyes to the signs and portents that were written on the sky for everyone to see. (Hear, hear.)

But I am not here to blame anybody. This is not the time for internal dissension or domestic discord ; and the man who by word or deed, tongue or pen, does aught to stir it up ought to be carted off without trial as a traitor to the Tower, or, better still, put in the front of the firing line to have a practical demonstration of the humanity and culture of his German friends. (Laughter and cheers.) Until the last shot has been fired I appeal to you to stand shoulder to shoulder as part of a great and mighty Empire, united and indivisible.

Mr. Bottomley continued that he supposed no one had been recipient of more information and complaints on those

subjects than himself, and he wished to assure those soldiers and sailors and their wives and families and dependents who had confided to him their troubles at least of this, that when the time came he would not hesitate to enlighten the nation upon many matters which it ought to know, and he would not hesitate, regardless of persons or of the powers that be, to insist upon the trial by court martial of every man who had taken advantage of his country's hour of trouble to line his filthy pockets with gold at the expense of the State. (Cheers.)

The other assurance he wished to give was that in the meantime every resource which he could control was being placed at the disposal of those who were doing our country's work, for the purpose of investigating alleged grievances and bringing them to the notice of the Government and the various authorities, with a view to getting them recognised and, to some extent, remedied. They did not want to talk in detail of these things to-day, but when the war was over they were going to have a searching audit, and if he lived, whether he sat in the House of Commons or not, he intended to be one of the auditors. (Cheers.)

In any case, proceeded Mr. Bottomley, vast changes are occurring around us. There is a new spirit abroad in the social, the political, the religious life of the nation. Things are happening under our eyes every day of so far-reaching a character that we scarcely realise that they are occurring.

In a thousand ways there is a quiet change taking place in the habits of the people, which lead the student sometimes to reflect how much better, perhaps, the world might have been if it had taken place a little earlier in the days of peace, and not been left to the last moment under the stress of a great war. (Cheers.)

How far those changes may affect the permanent life of the community when the war is over is a matter we need not speculate upon. Personally I hope we shall some day return to the robust self-independence and reliance which has always been a characteristic of the British race, and which has been, in my opinion, the secret of its strength in past times. (Cheers.)

It is our splendid tradition of the past, the old martial spirit of our race, which explains why our "contemptible little Army" has such a contempt for its enemies. But there is a good deal to be done before this dragon of militarism is to be finally slain, before the great nations of the earth are to cease crouching like wild beasts of the field, ever ready to fly at each other's throats.

What I want to ask is, have we fully grasped the meaning of the great, titanic struggle in which we are engaged ? If we have not, is it not time that the scales fell from our eyes, and that we set about in grim earnest to tackle the great problem before us ? We are not going to come triumphant out of the struggle without a mighty and stupendous effort.

Perhaps if we had listened to that voice, now still, of the great soldier who recently laid down his arms, we should have been better prepared. (Cheers.) When you reflect that we have had in the past few years eight heads of the two great Services, and four of them lawyers, can you wonder we are not quite prepared ? Why, I almost wonder we are alive. It is a wonderful tribute to the inherent strength and vitality of the British Empire that we can withstand a test of such a character.

One of the objects of this gathering is to face the recruiting problem. I say deliberately that, in this respect, we are not doing as well as we ought to be. I do not blame the men altogether, because I do not believe we have yet made an adequate and concerted effort to bring home to their minds the exact gravity of the problem. I do not forget that in the early days there were all sorts of difficulties which led many a man to hesitate. Their treatment and terms of pay in the past have been scandalously, radically, and meanly inadequate. (Cheers.) I wonder that a nation which at a moment's notice can raise four or five hundred millions of money should haggle and falter over a paltry few shillings a week to the only men who matter in a time of national crisis. (Cheers.)

Do you realise that three-quarters of Kitchener's Army at present consists of married men—men who have assumed the

responsibilities of citizenship and whose proper place is to defend our shores at home while the younger men are at the front?

I do not profess to know Cabinet secrets, but I pledge myself to this—that this state of things is not going to be permitted to continue many weeks longer. (Cheers.) If the single men of the country do not come forward in larger numbers than they are doing, it will not be very many weeks before—either by Act of Parliament or the operation of the common law of the land—they are compelled to go and do that which it ought to be their proudest privilege to rush and do of their own accord. (Cheers.)

I suggest that Lord Kitchener should at once announce the exact number of further men he requires; that he should state a time-limit, at the expiration of which, if the whole New Army is not ready, then, by the operation of the law, every man capable of bearing arms—and the single ones in preference—should be compelled to do their duty to their country. (Cheers.) We want to make it clear to the manhood of the country that this is a life and death struggle between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Teutonic race, which is still as brutal, as barbarous, and as base as it has been throughout the whole of its history. (Cheers.)

In my own opinion, the civilisation of Germany to-day, despite all its literature and spiritual attractions, belongs to a period of 1,000 years ago. When I find eminent statesmen telling us that their spiritual home is in Germany, I say, first of all, that there is no accounting for tastes—(laughter)—and, secondly, it is a dangerous thing to divorce your astral body from your physical frame, and the man whose spiritual home is in Berlin should either call back his spirit as quickly as possible, or transfer its physical encasement to its spiritual home. (Laughter and cheers.) There is a call to every Briton who values the freedom of his country and the blessings of civilisation to help to put such a barbarous foe out of existence for all time. (Cheers.)

There is no question that we are dealing with a man in the Kaiser—(a Voice: "A what?" and laughter)—who is just on the borderland between humanity and barbarism. He inherits all the madness of his ancestors. Nobody knew better than the late King Edward VII. how mad his nephew was. So long as he lived he was able to keep the fellow in order. (Laughter and Hear, hear.)

But from the time we lost that great King, that great ambassador of peace, who did more for the peace of Europe than all the statesmen who ever lived, this man has been irresponsible and mad with ambition, only waiting for an opportunity, as he thought, by all sorts of subterfuge and hypocrisy, to catch us unawares, and give full vent to that ambition which undoubtedly will "o'erleap itself." (Cheers.)

I ask young men whether they would not like to be in at the death. It is not an exaggeration to say that the claws of the lion are already getting well into the neck of the vulture, and I wish the manhood of England, and of London especially, to come forward and be able to say, "I was one of those who gave him the finishing touch." (Cheers.) If we do that and increase the pressure on the enemy in the field, Jack Tar will have a chance of having a go at the enemy, instead of waiting as he is doing to-day.

The great fleet is always looking for fog and smooth water. (Laughter.) Its new principle is this—if you cannot beat your enemy in fair fight somehow or other, contrive to trip him up. So the new culture of the fighting world is to be this. At the next championship boxing match we have, whichever of the two is fearful of his opponent, will take steps to mine the centre of the ring. (Laughter.) The Oxford and Cambridge boatrace will be decided by a mine at Mortlake. (Laughter.) The Derby will be fatal to the favourite when he steps on the mine immediately in front of the winning post. (Laughter.) That is the new culture of the Teutonic race.

Did a fleet ever maintain the traditions of a great race better than our sailors are doing to-day? ("No," and cheers.) I do not know whether you recall that little tragedy of a few days ago, when the *Formidable* was going down to the depth of the sea. What was a survivor's story? "The last thing we saw was a line of sailors saluting the old flag and singing 'Tipperary' as they went down to the bottom of the ocean." (Cheers.) These are the men that you fellows who do not recruit are allowing to be murdered by these Huns. Then, if you would only answer your country's call and strengthen Lord Kitchener's forces, out of sheer desperation and necessity the German fleet will have to sail forth and give battle according to the recognised rules of the game.

It is a heavy reckoning which this enemy has to look to, and it is for us—the people—to consider what the reckoning should be. It may be, after all, for the best that this fleet is remaining intact, because it may facilitate the settlement when the time

comes. That settlement is not to be a hole-and-corner affair any party politicians. (Cheers.) I suggest that when it comes to discussing the terms of peace we should say to Lord Kitchener and to Lord Fisher or Admiral Sir J. Jellicoe, "You have finished the job; now go over for us and reap the fruit." (Cheers.)

We can easily all agree upon the main points of the settlement. One of the first things we want to do is to get rid finally of Turkey out of Europe. (Cheers.) German and Austrian Poland must be added to the new kingdom of Poland; Hungary and Bohemia must again be separate States; Germany and Prussia must go back to the position they were in in 1870—a collection of small and harmless States, infinitely happier than they are to-day. Italy, if she will only do the right thing, and I think she will (cheers)—must have Trieste back. Alsace and Lorraine must naturally go back to France.

The fleet of Germany, if still intact, I once thought might conveniently be added to our own, but lest that should cause jealousy amongst the Allies, would not it be a good idea to make it the nucleus of an international fleet, manned and commanded by international officers for the purpose of policing the sea, the world and helping to keep the ports and commerce of the world free from molestation? There will, of course, be indemnity, which will have to recoup the Allies not only the expenses of the war, but all the cost of compensation and pensions. We shall say to Germany when all other matters are settled, "How much money have you got, and how much will you raise within the next twenty or thirty years?" and we shall divide that fairly amongst the Allies.

The Kaiser and his promising son must be dealt with. They must not be allowed to remain a day in Germany after peace is declared. (Cheers.) They can be put up to auction and knocked down to the lowest bidder. (Laughter.)

What are you going to do with Belgium? Politicians tell us we have to restore her independence and renew her state treasures and cathedrals; but that is only the beginning. There are two respects at least in which we can pay her something towards the debt we owe. First of all there is a little place called the occupation of Germany which she ought never to have possessed, and if I were Prime Minister I should write to King Albert, "Would you care to be Prince of Schleswig-Holstein as well as King of Belgium?" (Cheers.)

There is that little waterway called the Kiel Canal. That got to be denationalised, put in the hands of somebody for the trust of Europe, and the natural custodian and trustee of King Albert of Belgium. (Cheers.) Let the canal be put in the custody of Belgium, let Belgium take the tolls, and let them notice put up on the road to Heligoland for all the merchant seamen to read, "Short cut to the Baltic—first to the right." (Cheers.) You may think it a little premature to talk about terms of settlement. I do not. I am one of those who say this is not going to be the long war that some people anticipated. You cannot have 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 of men in the field for an indefinite period without a large number of natural deaths coming into play to upset your calculations.

I know that when Earl Kitchener announced in the House of Lords that he had an army of one and a quarter million men training, that statement gave Germany a shock, and the moment she knows that that army is now 2,000,000 you will soon hear of those mysterious overtures the origin of which no one can ever trace, but the purpose of which is plain to all the world.

This is a mighty struggle, a Marathon of the gods of battle, and if I were a young man I would yearn to be in the front. Those who cannot join are at a terrible disadvantage, but when it is all over I cannot think of any prouder boast anyone can make than that he took an active part in ridding the world of a great, barbarous menace which, but for his intervention, might have wiped out the civilisation of the past. I ask all young men, if they do not really feel that there is a call to them, can they not hear their comrades calling to them from the trenches, from the hospitals, from the decks of those ships that are guarding our shores? If they do not hear that call they are unworthy to claim the name of Englishman. (Cheers.)

After all, we are the greatest martial race which the world has ever known. We have had a good time in the past because we have led in the van of commerce and of trade, and perhaps the rising generation has never been sufficiently taught what the meaning of the words "the British Empire." Still, I believe that the day is rapidly coming when the manhood of the nation will realise the call which is made to-day. (Cheers.)

The meeting concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

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